

A NEWCOMER IN CANADA

J. PEAT YOUNG.

Illustrated.

This volume describes from actual experience the life of an emigrant in Canada from the day of his first landing. The glories of the country, its scenery, railways, mining, homes, its industries such as fruit growing, and farming generally are dealt with from first-hand knowledge.

The scope of the book will be gathered from the following chapter headings.

"From London to Niagara"

"Travelling in Canada"

"The Pioneers"

"Fresh Scenes in Saskatchewan"

"Life in a Prairie Province"

"Successful Settlers"

"Canadian Home Life"

"New Ways in New Lands"

"Glimpses of Rural Life"

"Hints to Settlers" etc.

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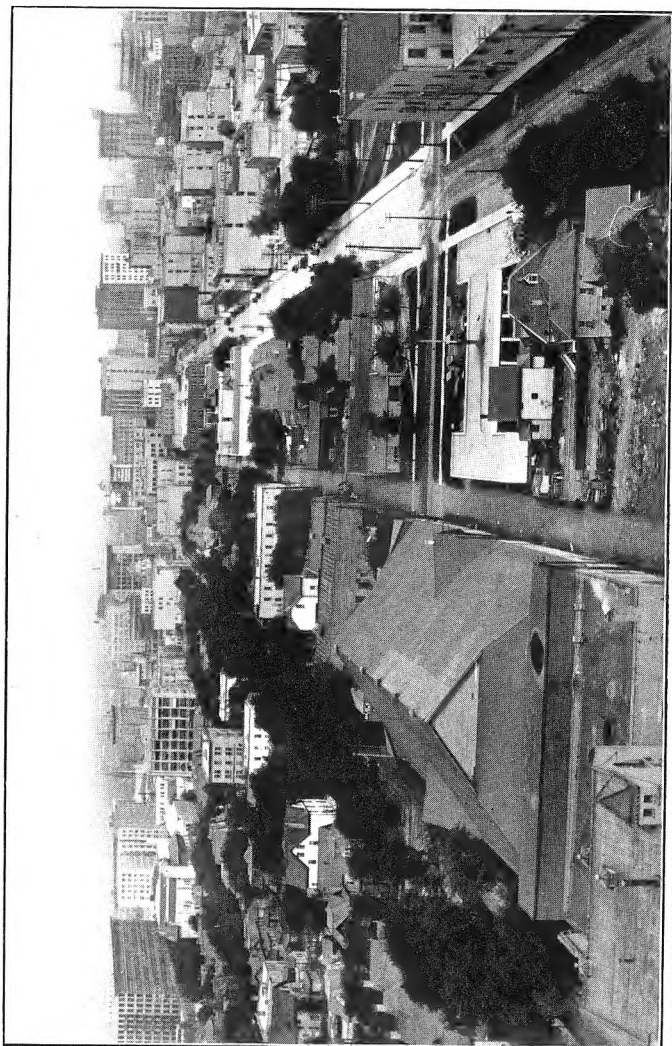


Photo: Canadian Government

WINNIPEG—THE GATEWAY OF THE WEST

This great city, a portion only of which is shown above, has to-day a population of 300,000 souls and is the third largest in the Dominion. Fifty years ago its population numbered but a few hundreds and beyond it was only the unsettled buffalo-trampled Prairie.

A NEWCOMER IN CANADA

*Recollections of Work, Travel, Friendships,
and Home Life in the Land of the Maple*

BY
J. PEAT YOUNG

ILLUSTRATED



CECIL PALMER
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CHAPTER I

" Good-bye to England "—Why we are Leaving Her—
The Gulf of St. Lawrence—First Impressions of
Ontario's " Fruit Garden "—Niagara, its Glories,
its Noise, its Mission.

WHEN I first went to Canada, my ideas of the great country I was going to were very vague, and, as I was to discover, in many ways mistaken. I had decided to go without consulting anyone, and there I made my first mistake. The intending migrant has at his or her service to-day, as indeed I had then if I had only troubled to find them, many helpful sources of information. Perhaps it did not matter so much in my case then, as things turned out, but I would advise anyone who is going to Canada nowadays to first put themselves into touch with one of the offices which are maintained by the Canadian Governments, both Federal and Provincial, before booking their passage.

I started out with all the lightheartedness of youth, travelling down to Southampton from London by a train that was filled with people who were going out to Canada on the same steamer as myself.

The scene on the quayside when a boat train has drawn up alongside an outgoing steamer is always full of human interest. The migrants stream out of the carriages—men, women and children—all

greatly excited by the novelty of this fresh experience. None look weary, but all are heavy-laden. The big trunks are quickly dumped out on the platform, hundreds and hundreds of them, and thousands of bags and parcels.

What a chattering goes on ! The passengers shout questions at each other ; they ask questions of everyone who seems to have even the remotest connection with the port, from the engine-driver who brought them there to the telegraph boy waiting to take their farewell messages to the post office. They even address their enquiries to the sea, glistening in the sunlight. Is that the boat ? Where's Jimmy ? What are we stopping for ? Who's looking after the luggage ?

A gate clicks somewhere in front. The ship's doctor in gold-braided uniform, and the medical officer of the Board of Trade, are waiting to scrutinise the migrants as they pass. " Passing the doctor " is rather a serious business to the average Britisher, but we are not kept waiting long. The doctor looks closely at some of the babies, and examines the eyes of some of the men. Funny thing ! that only the best are allowed to leave the Old Country. But the doctor has not much to do. Only the best are going.

WHY THEY EMIGRATED.

And who are these migrants ? Why are they leaving the land of their birth ? I speak to a man who is leaning over the ship's side, a fine sturdy

fellow. With him are his wife and family of four. the eldest a muscular girl of eighteen. I am introduced with a wave of the hand, and soon we are chatting like old friends.

This man is leaving England because he cannot find any regular employment. The tragedy of the casual labourer is surely the saddest thing in the whole world of industry. What a tragedy when a steady job at even three pounds a week is an unattainable ambition for tens of thousands of married working men in England !

Surely there is nothing finer in the British character than the courage of the migrant as he turns his back upon the dear familiar scenes, and launches himself on this great adventure. I speak to a woman who has five children with her. She is going all the way to Vancouver, third class. What a handful she has to look after ! A plain, homely woman, but to me she looks splendid as she faces undaunted the uncertainties of a six-thousand mile journey that will reunite her to the husband who went to make a home in the new land twelve months before. Good luck to the brave mother ! And good luck to the hundreds of others like her, who with their happy broods about their skirts are going out every week to the great new land of hope and opportunity for all.

Here is a farmer who has a capital of about a thousand pounds. He cannot find a farm in England, he says. For every vacant farm worth having there are, he tells me, ten applicants. Yet there are

hundreds of thousands of English acres not farmed at all, and more that are only half-farmed.

There are men of almost every occupation on board. Small shopkeepers who have been crowded out by competition ; agricultural labourers ; sturdy young fellows who have no trade ; a bright lad of seventeen who had been milking eight cows twice a day, and carrying on a milk-round for five shillings a week and his board ; besides many who are " going out to friends."

Among my fellow-passengers I hear of many evidences of strong domestic affection. Of brothers paying the fare of a sister, of sons who had sent for their parents. Indeed, among the pleasantest features of life on a ship going to Canada are the delightful glimpses of family life among the various little groups on deck. Here is a family of eight children, each of whom tries to excel the others in the attention they pay to their mother.

A farmer's daughter, the very type that poets have idealised so often, tells me that she is going out to Saskatchewan to keep house for her brother-in-law, while her sister comes to England for a holiday. She says she intends to return to the Old Country, but I fear she is lost to England for good.

These are the Scilly Isles over there. Our last glimpse of the Old Land. A man at my elbow says he has not found it so hard to leave as he had expected. " Why worry ? " he asks. Why, indeed ? The sea is calm. We are a big, happy family. Toil-hardened, and disappointed many of us may have

been before we left England, but the fresh, sweet sea winds have blown away our troubles. The past lies behind, the duties of the new life in the new land are still ten days ahead; so for so long at least we have nothing to do but to eat and sleep, and be agreeable.

Such were my impressions among my fellow-passengers when I left England on my first voyage to Canada. The weather proved fine nearly all the way, and the days passed very pleasantly with games and conversation. I remember one day we were playing deck-quoits on the sunny side of the ship, when the captain came along, and tried a game against me. To his surprise, and my own, I won!

What yarns I listened to in the cosy smoking room! There a number of us who had no thoughts of sea-sickness, and never missed a meal, met often to play whist, and talk, and smoke. It does not take ocean-travellers long to become acquainted with one another, and it is surprising what strange and interesting people one meets.

FIRST SIGHT OF LAND.

When the open sea had been safely crossed, and we came within the comparatively sheltered waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the empty chairs in the dining-room began to fill. Passengers I had never seen before paraded the deck with a bold, adventurous air. We leaned over the ship's rail and looked at the panorama of mountain, forest, and little clearings and tiny villages with white churches which we were passing. Here and there in the great woods, big

columns of smoke showed where the settlers were burning off their clearings. Now and then we passed a little fishing boat. Few had any time to spare for reading now that land was so close to the ship. This was Canada—the goal of their hopes—and all was new and fresh to us. The cool splash of the water under the ship's bows, the brilliant sunshine, the cool sweet air, the white clouds sailing across the deep blue sky, the happy laughter of girls, and the cooing of babies—all contributed to our contentment.

There was a concert in the first-class saloon that evening, to which all the second-class passengers were invited. A concert with a collection for the Seamen's Orphanage is a very pleasing feature of almost every cross-Atlantic voyage where passengers are carried.

After a pleasant voyage, I proceeded to Toronto, as on my way west I wanted to see Niagara. In this connection I am reminded that on a later occasion I travelled from London to Niagara Falls, and back to London again, in exactly three weeks, or to be exact, twenty-one days and seven hours. And I managed to do a good deal of business in Toronto, and call on quite a number of friends during the three days I was in that delightful city.

Was it a rush? Well, the big, beautiful ship had to rush certainly; and the stokers down below must have hustled some; yet the ship forged ahead so gracefully and easily that most days we might have been at anchor for all the feeling of motion we experienced.

This was the *Royal Edward*, afterwards sunk by a torpedo in the Ægean Sea, with the loss of one thousand soldiers, on August 14th, 1915.

As for me doing any rushing! I simply sat in a deck chair, and replied lazily in monosyllables to the farmer from the North-West, who did all the talking, and watched the sea rippling in the sunlight. It was the laziest, most restful holiday I ever had. And this quite apart from having seen Niagara once again.

The railroad journey from Toronto to Niagara Falls takes one through part of what is known as the Niagara Fruit Belt, one of the most fertile and beautiful tracts of country in the whole world. Sheltered by a long ridge of hills, known locally as "the mountain," and facing that shimmering inland sea of Lake Ontario, this favoured land enjoys a climate that is unique in Canada. The train runs through hundreds of acres of peach-trees, not growing under glass or sheltered by brick walls, as in the more favoured peach-growing districts of France, but out in the open, as we grow potatoes.

Not peaches only, but every other kind of hardy fruit—grapes, pears, apples, cherries, plums—grow here in the richest profusion, and as far as the eye can see on either side of the railway the vision is gladdened by an endless succession of orchards and vineyards, each with its pretty homestead nestling among the trees. Niagara Falls, Ont. (that is short for Ontario, to distinguish it from the American town of the same name on the other side of the river) proved to be a pleasant, growing place. But, like

the other passengers who have left the train here, I had no time to study the town. I wanted to see the Falls.

At the foot of the sunny street I discovered a tramcar line with a station and booking office as pretentious as that possessed by many a railway. The fare proved quite moderate, however, when I took a return ticket to Table Rock, which was as far as I wanted to go by tram, my intention being to spend several hours wandering round the Falls on foot.

While waiting for the car, I walked across to look down for the first time into the deep gorge of the river, here a mile or more below the Falls. This gorge has lost much of its beauty, and is greatly disfigured by ugly bridges, and uglier factories lining the south, or American, bank. These factories were built to exploit the cheap water-power obtainable from the Falls, and their dingy appearance is rather out of keeping with their surroundings.

However, as the car ascends the gorge towards the Falls, these ugly structures are left behind, and the river banks in the immediate vicinity of the great world wonder have, for the most part, the appearance of a well-wooded garden. Especially is this the case on the Canadian side, where the high banks have been saved for posterity, and laid out as Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park, opened in 1891, and surely one of the most beautiful memorials to Victoria the Good to be found in any part of the Empire.

Here, amid beautiful lawns, tastefully laid-out flower-beds, delightful trees, and the singing of birds, I came upon my first sight of Niagara Falls—surely the greatest natural wonder in the world.

WORLD'S GREATEST WATER WONDER.

As one stands and looks for the first time on this wondrous spectacle—so stupendous, so beautiful—the first impression received is one of awe. That is how I felt. Had there been a companion with me, I feel sure neither of us would have spoken. One could only look and marvel at this glorious spectacle—the most notable wonder among all the wonders of the Creator's handiwork on this earth.

I stood directly opposite the American Falls, as they are called, to distinguish them from the wider and grander Falls, known as the Horseshoe Falls, which are on the Canadian side of the river, and divided from the American Falls by Goat Island.

It was a beautiful sunny day, and the Falls sparkled and scintillated with indescribable loveliness. The base of the American Falls is littered with great boulders, each much bigger than a house, and over these the waters break in the fleeciest clouds of snow-white spray, so fine that at certain points it rises like steam the whole height of the Falls.

I was so enraptured with the Falls, as a spectacle, that it was some minutes before I had taken note of another feature which is quite as remarkable—the noise. When one listens to this, everything else is shut out, the sound of many waters seems to fill

the world. The rush of the wild, plunging river is in a minor key ; the dull roar of the thundering cataract is quite distinct from that, and struck me as recalling the roar of a great Lancashire cotton mill.

The air beside the Falls is fresh, like that of the seaside ; there is a most refreshing smell of water. Only a few sightseers were about, and these seemed to reverence their surroundings, so that no discordant note marred the mighty anthem of the waters, that rises day and night to the Creator.

Down on the green, foaming waters of the river below the Falls, the little steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, was breasting the mighty current, and taking its load of curious excursionists nearer and nearer the Falls, which look majestic beyond description when viewed from below.

The various power companies undoubtedly take a goodly toll of the water that would otherwise go over the Falls, but the great spectacle is still unspoilt.

The broken sea of water hurling itself over the abyss is an endless delight to the eyes. Some had told me that I would be disappointed. I cannot understand the mental attitude of such people. Niagara far surpassed all my expectations, although I had read about it since boyhood, and had seen scores of different photographs of the Falls.

As a scene of grandeur and majesty, Niagara is incomparable, unique, and, so majestic are its proportions, that the mind carries away an impression of wonder that even time does not efface.

In smoky London, with the smell of the motor buses and the dust of the great city coming up to me from the busy highway under my window, I can shut my eyes and see again that wonderful emerald-green river falling, falling, as it rushes headlong toward the brink of the abyss; then, breaking into that amazing spectacle of dazzling white water and spray, which has drawn from the hearts and lips of millions the involuntary exclamation—"wonderful!"

That is the crowning reward of travel—the rich storehouse of memories which one can turn to again with gladness at any time, anywhere, while life lasts.

CHAPTER II

Travelling in Canada—The Mammoth Trains—The " Sleeper "—Prosperous Railway Workers—" Tickets, Please "—Luxurious Coaches—" Hell with the Lid Off "—A Western Mining Town—A Klondyke Preacher—" Batching " in British Columbia—The Workman's Home—Victoria—Kind Friends

FROM Ontario I proceeded across Canada westwards, intending to go to British Columbia, a fascinating journey during which I had my first experience of living in a railway train for three days and nights on end.

The newcomer to Canada is always astonished by the novel appearance of the Canadian trains, and their interior arrangements. They are quite unlike anything seen in England. The engines, which have a bell instead of a whistle, are far from handsome, and quite innocent of coloured paint and polish. Yet they are huge and powerful. The coaches, too, are also very much larger than the ordinary English railway carriage. I suppose the fact that there are so many thousands of bridges carrying roads over our English railways has prevented the companies from enlarging their rolling stock as traffic has developed. The dwarfed funnels on the biggest English locomotives clearly show that the size of the engines, carriages and wagons on British railways is limited by the height of the innumerable tunnels

and bridges under which they have to pass. In Canada a bridge over a railway is a rarity indeed, and I do not remember ever seeing one in the open country.

The interior of all Canadian trains is on the corridor principle, the seats being arranged so that two people can sit side by side on each side of the central corridor all the way down the car. The greater height of the Canadian railroad coach impresses the newcomer as much as the greater width. It is, however, at night that the passenger who is making his first trip on a Canadian train has most cause to contrast the vast difference between railway travelling in England and in Canada.

A DORMITORY ON WHEELS.

The coloured porter in charge of the coach begins at one end to convert the Pullman car into a sleeper. He pulls forward the cushions of the seat, the back cushions also fall down, and forms a couch. He then produces clean sheets and pillow-slips fresh from the laundry, and other bedding which, in the daytime, has been stored in cupboards at the end of the car, and in an incredibly short space of time a most comfortable bed is made up. This done, he pulls down a shelf-like arrangement, which, when closed, looks like the panelling of the upper wall of the car and makes up a similar bed on that. Then he hangs heavy curtains in front of both upper and lower berths, and the passengers who have been sitting there can go to bed when they like, putting their boots

outside the curtain to be cleaned in readiness for the next morning.

A Canadian " sleeper " at night has a very curious look to the passenger fresh from England—the dim light showing the carpeted corridor down the centre, with the green curtain giving complete privacy to the double tiers of sleepers on either side ! The " sleeper " is, however, a commonplace in Canada and the United States, and everyone who travels at all uses them as one of the everyday conveniences of life. It certainly requires some dexterity to undress in an upper berth, but, once beneath the clean sheets and the fine blankets, one is almost as comfortable as in a hotel bed. A string hammock is slung along the inner side of the berth, in which the passenger disposes of his smaller belongings, clothes are hung up, and if one wants to read in bed there is a small electric bulb close to one's ear which can be switched on.

Most travellers use the whole berth, upper or lower as the case may be, although the lower berth will easily accommodate two. I have never failed to obtain a good night's sleep on such night journeys, and it is not uncommon for one to travel four or five days and nights continuously on these trans-continental trains, getting excellent meals in the dining-car, and sleeping each night under the conditions I have tried to describe. The porter in charge of the car is always on duty, and he keeps a watchful eye on his passengers, waking those who have asked to be put off at some station in the early hours of the morning. One can obtain many kinds

of service on a Canadian train, every passenger train carrying a considerable "crew." Not only is there a porter in each sleeper, but there are several baggage men in the baggage car ; a steward, cook and several waiters in each dining-car ; the boy who sells papers and candies ; and in charge of the train an official of great affability, knowledge and dignity, who looks after the tickets and the schedule—the conductor.

CONTENTED RAILWAY WORKERS.

Their economic strength and their good living has no doubt had a lot to do with the independent character and self-respect of the Canadian railway worker. As a rule he has the look of a gentleman, even in his overalls. I remember during one crossing to Canada noticing a lady who travelled first-class on the boat. She was evidently very well-to-do. When our train stopped at a Canadian country station, I again noticed this lady getting out, and being warmly greeted by her friends. It was obvious that she had returned to her home town, where she was well-known and well-liked, after a trip to Europe. But what struck me most was the way in which the baggage man, and several others of the railway-men on the platform, stopped their work and came forward in the most natural way to shake hands with their townswoman.

There is nothing servile about the Canadian railway workers. I wonder what would happen if any Englishman had the nerve to address them as "railway servants !"

If you are taking a short railway journey in Canada you will probably receive for your money a cardboard ticket of the kind familiar in England, but if you are going any distance your ticket will be a mysterious ribbon of paper, perhaps a foot long. Soon after your journey starts the conductor will come round and examine and collect the ticket, or a portion of it ; and will then place a piece of coloured cardboard inside the silk band around your hat !

The idea of the coloured cardboard ticket in the passenger's hat is this. Most trains stop at every station in Canada, and railway platforms in the smaller towns are places of public resort, to which the whole population has access. Thus passengers come aboard the train at every stop without having to show their tickets. Between stations the conductor passes through the train, and when he sees a man without a ticket in his hat, he knows he is a newcomer. The others with properly adorned hat-bands, he doesn't trouble again. By the colour of the ticket or the marks on it, he knows where you should alight.

The Canadian railway service is first-class. For example, the system of "checking" baggage, or luggage, as the English term it, is the simplest thing in the world. You hand your baggage over to a railway man in Halifax, he puts a numbered tag on it and gives you a duplicate, and you trouble no more until at Vancouver you deliver up your duplicate in the baggage room, and your trunks are brought to you. If you label your baggage properly, you can

hand it over in the baggage room in Vancouver, and you will find it in the customs' shed in Liverpool when you step off the steamer !

I have had an extensive and enjoyable experience of railroad trains in Canada. I have travelled across Canada in a colonist car, a type of travel somewhat akin to third-class. I have also gone through the Rockies in the observation parlour car—a most luxurious and delightful experience—and on several occasions I have travelled with a Privy Councillor and Cabinet Ministers for company, in a beautifully appointed private Pullman car, belonging to the Government of Ontario.

I remember one memorable trip on the private car "Whitney," named after the great Ontario premier, the late Sir James Whitney. I was at that time assistant secretary to Sir William Hearst, who was then Prime Minister of Ontario. Sir William was engaged in a strenuous political campaign, which interested me greatly, although I am no politician. I had to work in the car in the daytime, but I certainly slept in great comfort at night. I had in the train a lovely state-room, with a four-poster brass bedstead, a carpet on the floor, spotless linen and a silk-covered down quilt, to say nothing of the first-class meals which the very able and versatile steward prepared for us. The warmth of the Canadian trains is a luxury which the English traveller seldom experiences, although English trains are supposed to be steam-heated. During our trip, which lasted a week, we had very cold weather, but

it was always a uniform seventy degrees Fahrenheit inside the train, whether our car was attached to a regular train, or whether it stood alone all night in a railway siding. Canadians certainly know how to live in comfort on railway trains.

The steward in charge of that car—we called him “John”—was a splendid fellow who had been a steward or chef on Canadian dining-cars for thirty years. I used to sit up half the night listening to him. A chance remark that I was at that time practically a vegetarian, drew from John the interesting statement that he had once looked after a famous vegetarian, the late General William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, while that grand and venerable old man was engaged on one of his evangelistic tours through Canada. The tour from Montreal to Seattle lasted seventeen days, and the General spent all his days and nights in the same private car, except when he left it to speak in the various towns visited.

John had an amused recollection of the General's extraordinary habits with regard to meals. He had hot milk at three a.m., tea at seven a.m., breakfast at nine, lunch at noon, afternoon tea at four, dinner at six, and supper at eleven, when he took hot gruel! The General was a very spare eater, but a very poor sleeper. He took a great fancy to John, and his secretary tried to persuade him to make up his mind to go to England with them when they returned from Japan. John, however, had a good stake in Canada, and would not leave it



Photo: Canadian Government]

THEIR FIRST PRAIRIE HOME

Rough, perhaps, but snug within, and with clear blue skies above and rolling breeze fanned prairie all around. Note the telephone and the motor-car, and the white shoes and stockings of the women-folk. The latter are smart even on the farms.



Photo: Canadian Government]

A PROSPEROUS FARM

This scene depicts the estate of the prairie farmer at a later stage in his career. While many farmers, either through ill luck or lack of skill and perseverance, progress slowly or not at all, more generally they make steady advance year by year. Hard work and reasonable good fortune are the secret of success.

But to return to my first railroad journey across Canada. After being three days and nights in the train, I arranged with the conductor to break my journey, and got out at Medicine Hat, Alberta, the town in the natural gas region, which Kipling has since described as "hell with the lid off."

THE FORTUNE I MISSED.

Had I only known it, I needn't have gone any further. There was no town worthy the name at Medicine Hat then, and I might have invested in land what I was yet to spend on travelling, and long since have made my fortune. Everywhere was then the same in the Great West. The Western cities of to-day were then little more than small towns. Unfortunately for myself, what commercial instincts I now possess were then dormant, and I looked on that great and fertile land, which for the most part awaited the plough, with wonderment, but with no appreciation of its significance to myself. I saw the beaten trails made by the buffalo on what are now rich farmlands, which in the summer and fall present a more striking and wonderful spectacle of the bounty of Nature than can perhaps be seen in any other land. Many Western farmers, who are to-day numbered amongst the prosperous pioneers of their districts in Saskatchewan and Alberta, went into the West to homestead long after I had been there.

A few days after getting off the train at Medicine Hat, I found myself in Nelson, British Columbia. Nelson was then a typical Western mining town;

it has since included apple-growing amongst its activities. There were no apple orchards when I went to Nelson, and I wandered over the "bench-lands" and gentle slopes of the lovely hills thereabouts without seeing in them any possibilities for apple orchards. I might have bought potential fruit-lands for five dollars an acre. Another of the many chances I have missed

Although, owing to my own fault, Nelson, British Columbia, did not bring me fortune, that picturesque town, with its lake mirroring the glorious pine-clad mountains, will ever be treasured in my memory as the place where I was happiest and most free from care.

I had brought with me an introduction which had the happiest results. My new friend proved to be a Salvation Army officer, who had been in the Klondyke as a preacher attached to that organisation in 1898. He and his wife had quarters over the Army Hall, and there they gave the stranger from the Old Land the heartiest of welcomes, despite the narrowness of their accommodation. I had an uneasy feeling the first night that the comfortable little bedroom they gave me was their own, and that they made some make-shift serve for themselves. This kindly couple were, I thought, the gentlest-spoken individuals I had ever met. The general public, I imagine, think that the Salvation Army are a noisy lot, with their brass bands, big drum, and at the time of which I write, their tambourines. In after life I came to know the Army very intimately indeed, and to possess

the friendship and trust of their venerable founder, the late General William Booth. I have seen more true refinement and gentleness and Christian charity in the homes of Salvationists than I have observed amongst any other considerable class of people. I have since met many Quakers who have the same gentle way of talking, as I was quick to observe and esteem in my friends, the Canadian Adjutant and his wife.

MY FRIEND JIM

When it was decided that I would live for a while amid the pine-scented air of Nelson, my friend arranged that I should "batch" with one of his bandsmen, an Englishman named Jim. "Batching," I should explain, is a term which describes bachelor housekeeping. It is a well-known institution in Canada. My new friend Jim, a genial fellow, had a shack or little cottage of his own down by the lake. I don't know whether it is the case now or not, but at that time the land below high-water mark on the lake belonged to no one. The thrifty but impecunious workman could therefore have a site for a house without buying it. What he did was to build his house on the sloping beach on piles. These did not require to be very substantial, as the lake was harmless, its level rising gently only at the time of the melting of the snows. When the little house was erected, its near edge was level with the street, or what served for a street, and the far end projected on piles a foot or two over the water of the lake.

Canadians are born house-builders. The new settler who goes into a wooded country sets about as his first task the cutting down of near-by trees and the erection of a small log house, the spaces between the logs being filled in with a plaster made of moss and clay, or clay by itself. He needs no tools except his trusty axe, a saw and a hammer.

The working-man in the cities and towns, who has a keener vision of the future than I had, makes his first payment on a "lot," or what an Englishman would call a "plot" of land, perhaps only twenty-five feet wide and one hundred feet deep, and thereon builds himself a home. These rough home-made cottages are called "shacks" in Canada. Such was Jim's home, of which I now became joint tenant. This particular shack consisted of only two rooms, placed lengthwise, but the structure was better than the average, as Jim possessed some aptitude as a carpenter, and had been able to get plenty of unplanned lumber at the saw-mill where he was employed.

Not having any rent to pay, nor, as far as I knew, any taxes worth speaking of, we lived well on very little. Our food—things were much cheaper then than now—cost us about five dollars a week for the two of us. Jim went to work in the saw-mill, while I undertook the easy responsibility of housekeeper and cook.

There was a good Canadian stove, wood in plenty all around, and I soon became an adept with the frying-pan. Our great standby was bacon and eggs

and fried potatoes, washed down with tea at every meal, with pancakes at tea-time. I generally did the shopping, which was a simple and leisurely process. How I love the scent of a Canadian country store! They usually stock everything from overalls and boots to soda-crackers and cloves, and they smell almost as sweet as an apple-barrel just opened.

Life in the Nelson of that time had many of the picturesque features of the Western mining camps depicted by the cinema. A friend of Jim's was treed by a bear not far from the railroad, and I once saw four bear cubs chained up in the centre of the town. Prospectors came and went, and I became familiar with stories of claims and "strikes" and prospects. Jim had gone off a year or two before I knew him to some gold discovery, which had been heralded as a new Bonanza. But, while a claim called the "Devil's Own" was said to have done well enough, Jim's "Hallelujah" claim did not produce anything more tangible than the most infinitesimal colours, although the good fellow said his prayers every night. He came back to the saw-mill very much poorer than he had left it.

WONDERFUL BRITISH COLUMBIA.

After a few happy months on the shores of Kootenay Lake, I went on to Victoria the capital of British Columbia, chiefly because I wanted to see the finer peaks of the Rocky Mountains on my return trip to Eastern Canada. It would be difficult in the

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whole of the Empire to find a more handsome or a more delightful city than Victoria. Situated on Vancouver Island, which is washed by the waves of the Pacific, Victoria enjoys a very mild climate, which has attracted to it great numbers of retired farmers and others from the prairies. At the time of which I write, the great commercial development of Victoria and Vancouver had scarcely begun. To-day both cities have grown and prospered out of all resemblance to the cities I visited for the first time over twenty years ago.

I greatly enjoyed my stay in Victoria. It seemed to me then that the surrounding country more closely resembled England than any place I had seen in Canada. Friends I made in that hospitable city urged me to stay and treated me right royally, although I was neither kith nor kin of theirs. On one occasion I asked one of these friends why he and his wife were so good to me.

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied. "Four or five years before gold was discovered on the Klondyke, my wife and I went into that country, and, through accident and delay, we were prevented from getting out before the freeze-up. The winter came down on us and found us unprepared. We had a tent but no stove. What would have happened to us I don't know, had not an old Irishman taken us into his little log house, and invited us to stay there with him for the winter. I've always had a soft spot for anyone from the Old Country since then, and I always shall."

When I went on board the steamer at Victoria, to go to Vancouver and thence to Eastern Canada, this same friend came hurrying down to see me off, bringing with him a cooked round of beef weighing seven pounds, and a basket of peaches. With Canadian apple pies and tea so readily obtainable at railway station buffets all the way to Montreal, what more did I want ?

No one who has seen the Canadian Rockies can ever forget their wonderful beauty. The glories of those towering snow-covered mountains, rearing themselves against a background of cloudless azure, is a spectacle of sublime grandeur and impressiveness. I had boarded a train that would take me through the best of the mountain scenery in daylight, and the journey proved a most delightful one. Snowy peaks, towering cliffs, yawning chasms, and raging torrents passed us in an extraordinary panorama of scenic beauty and grandeur. I have visited Switzerland, and certainly the Alps have many scenes of sublime loveliness, not the least being the exquisite green of the valleys, but the Canadian Rockies have a majestic quality that is unique in Nature's wonderland.

CHAPTER III

The Pioneers—The United Empire Loyalists—Early Struggles—John Clark's Diary—Family Life in the Pioneer's Home—From Bullock Cart to Automobile—Secret of Canadian Civilisation—Tales of the Stalwarts

THERE is, perhaps, no feature of Canadian life which makes such a powerful appeal to my imagination as the life of the pioneers. When I see a sky-scraper on some street corner in Montreal, Toronto, or Winnipeg, where I remember a ramshackle store two storeys in height only a few years ago, I am naturally impressed, and feel some native pride in such a handsome evidence of progress. But when I come across the ruins of the log-house of one of the pioneers on some country road I am profoundly moved.

During my association with Canada, which now covers a period of twenty-three years, I have met many of the men who could claim the proud title of pioneers, and a few whose fathers had farmed in Canada before a single railroad had been built anywhere in the country. There were, of course, farmers in England, and good farmers too, a thousand years and more before railways were thought of. England, however, had a civilisation and an extensive highways system dating back to before Roman times. In Canada, on the other hand,

it might almost be said that roads were invented after railways. The only highways in Canada prior to the beginning of the nineteenth century were the chains of rivers and lakes, along which the Indian and the trapper paddled their canoes, penetrating into the forest-clad depths of the country in every direction, as did Champlain and the earliest *voyageurs*.

THE LOYAL HUNDRED THOUSAND.

The amazing prosperity of Canada to-day is all the more wonderful when one remembers that the earliest British settlements of any note in Upper Canada, as distinguished from French Quebec, or Lower Canada date back only one hundred and forty years. When on September 13th, 1783, the English Government of that day acknowledged the independence of the American colonies, after ten years of hostilities, and thus left a hundred thousand loyalists of English blood to their fate in an enemy's country, there began one of the most wonderful migrations ever witnessed since the days of the Israelites and their exodus from Egypt. Something like thirty-five thousand Englishmen with their wives and families, left their homes and property in the new republic, and made their way, often to the accompaniment of incredible hardships, into the forest wilderness of Upper Canada, or what is now Ontario. Many of these patriots had to fly to escape the vengeance of those against whom they had taken up arms. Some few of them might perhaps

have recanted and thereby retained the enjoyment of their possessions ; but in order that they might continue to live under the British Flag, they voluntarily chose rather to go into a strange and forbidding land, inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts, and covered, every yard of it to the water's edge, with dense forest.

Although the English Government could not protect the Loyalists while they remained in the United States, it certainly did as much as it could to lighten the burden of their banishment, and to help them in re-establishing their households in the new land to which they had escaped. Grants of land, generally 200 acres, were given to the heads of families and other male adults, on the simple conditions that they cleared at least five acres, built a house, and opened a road a quarter of a mile long in front of their property. The Government also pledged themselves to support the loyalist settlers for three years, and although there were doubtless irregularities in connection with the distribution of supplies, on the whole there seems to have been a sincere desire on the part of the military authorities to do their best for the unfortunate people thus thrown upon the hospitality of an almost uninhabited country. The commissariat officers served out the periodical rations of flour, pork, beef, a little butter, and salt ; also shoes, coarse cloth for trousers, and Indian blankets for coats. Settlers on the free grants were given a little wheat, peas, corn, and potatoes for seed, also an axe, a hoe, a sickle, and a spade. A

plough and a cow were allotted to every two families ; a whip-saw and a cross-cut saw to every four families ; and a portable corn-mill to every settlement. A quantity of nails, a hammer, and a hand-saw were given to each family ; to every five families a set of tools, and a musket and ammunition. Four small panes of glass, seven by nine inches, were allotted to each house, together with a small quantity of putty.

With such slender equipment, but with stout hearts, these early pioneers attacked the gloomy forests of mighty beech, maple, walnut, and pine trees which covered the land they had set out to farm. They were, many of them, quite unaccustomed to heavy work, and Government ineptitude had sent out totally unsuitable short-handled axes to hew down the forest primeval. But with almost superhuman exertions, these brave Englishmen and Scotsmen grappled with their difficulties and gradually overcame them.

The trees immediately round the home-site were cut down and burnt as far as possible, or dragged out, to clear a space for house and yard. Then a shanty of logs, the chinks plastered with clay, was raised, and covered with poles and strips of bark. The roughest home-made furniture had to serve. Then an ever-widening circle of trees around the house were " girdled," the bark removed so that the tree died, and the following year it was cut down and burnt. The great trunks, of course, would not burn immediately, so " logging-bees " of neighbours

would congregate and, with the help of any live stock they had, haul the logs out of the way as much as possible. The great stumps and roots remained in the ground, often for years, but the settler contrived to grow crops of Indian corn, and wheat in the rich, mellow soil between the stumps. What burnings, what prodigious exertions, what grit and patience these forest clearings must have witnessed !

THE THRILL OF TRIUMPH.

Were the settlers unhappy in their primitive state ? Let one of them, whose diary has happily been preserved for us, answer for himself. " Those unacquainted with the first settlements in the bush (wrote Colonel John Clark, one of the very first settlers on the Canadian side of the Niagara river, over one hundred years ago) would naturally imagine that the settlers would be extremely dull, particularly of an evening. Far from it. There were always large open fireplaces, built up with stones found about the fields, where good blazing fires were always kept to make the inmates cheerful. Logs two feet thick, and from four to five feet long, built up with branches of small dimensions, lasted till morning. Here the little party would congregate, and chat over the various romantic events incident on leaving the Old Country, not even envying the more refined homes, there being an air of Robinson Crusoe independence that at times was truly delightful. Here all the little plans of future

settlement for the children were discussed, whilst various domestic affairs were going on, as there were no tradesmen on hand to mend a shoe or a coat. Everything was performed by a division of labour, so that all performed their parts, and imbibed a spirit of industry that in after time proved extremely useful, where money was extremely scarce."

Another glimpse of the early days of Loyalist settlement from the same pen :

"The settlers had only communication with England twice a year, and these periods were hailed with great delight. I was six years of age when the scarce year of famine, 1789, or 1790, took place in Canada, when the inhabitants resorted to the woods for roots and greens for their subsistence. They made their tea from sheerwood, sassafras and hemlock. I was then very young, and was doubtless cared for by my kind parents. Since then, in my own experience, I have never known want in my native land—Canada—which I would not exchange for another, save one.

"I recollect before mills were in vogue that settlers pounded their corn and wild rice in the stump of a hardwood tree, in order to obtain bread, and the Indians brought them cranberries and maple sugar in barter for other commodities."

In the magnificent Carnegie public libraries of Toronto and Ottawa I have spent many an interesting hour reading the letters and diaries of these grand old pioneers. Several historical and

antiquarian societies in Ontario have, as a labour of love, searched out, preserved, and printed many such precious manuscripts. Certainly no country could have nobler ancestors than the writers of these artless but thrilling annals. All honour to the worthy antiquarians who have saved such records from destruction, and preserved them for the edification of generations yet unborn. Too many countries have begun their history in bloodshed and plunder; on the other hand, the birth of Ontario was heralded by the homely ring of the woodsman's axe, as he felled the giant trees to build his first home on the shores of the great lake of that name.

The Ontario Historical Society has published many invaluable records of pioneer days, and its archives are a veritable storehouse of information to those who are interested in the early history of Upper Canada. One of these records, the original of which is in the Parliament Library, Ottawa, written by Mrs. Catherine White, of White's Mills, near Coburg, Ontario, gives a lively account of family life in a Loyalist's home. Mrs. White wrote these reminiscences when she was seventy-nine years old. She has, of course, long since passed away.

CATHERINE WHITE'S STORY.

"My father and mother (she wrote) came from England, and settled in the United States, in St. Lawrence County, upon a farm which they had

purchased there. They had planted some trees, and were beginning to prosper, when the revolutionary war broke out in 1774.

"Hearing that sugar was made from trees in Canada, and being thorough Loyalists, and not wishing to be mixed up in the contest about to be carried on, they packed up their effects, and came over to Canada. Arriving at Sorel, they stayed some time, but a fire happening at the house they occupied, in which the deed of our land in the United States was destroyed, Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, granted them eight hundred acres of land, with some implements, to clear away the trees, and settle on land called Sydney, near Belleville.

"The country at that time was a complete wilderness, but by energy and perseverance for a long time, we got on very happily.

"In those secluded wilds their trust was in Providence, and He blessed their labours. My parents had two sons and five daughters ; one of the boys was drowned.

"Mother used to help chop down the trees, attended to the household duties, and as the children grew up we were trained to industrious habits. We were very useful to her, attended the cattle, churned the butter, made cheese, dressed the flax, and engaged in spinning—in those days the spinning-wheel looked cheerful—to make our own cloth and stockings. I have a gown now in my possession that I made of homespun sixty years ago.

"We had no neighbours but an old Englishman,

who lived some distance off, and who was an occasional visitor.

"Before our crops came round, having brought seed with us, supplied by Government, we had rations from the military posts; also, when these were nearly exhausted, father collected our butter, cheese, and spinning, taking them in a batteau to Kingston, where he traded them for salt, tea and sugar.

"We had no grist mill at that time nearer than Kingston; the first mill at Napanee was put up afterwards.

"The bay of Quinte was covered with ducks, of which we could obtain any quantity from the Indians. As to fish, they could be had by fishing with a scoop. I have often speared large salmon with a pitchfork. Now and then provisions ran very short, but, there being plenty of bull frogs, we fared sumptuously. This was the time of the famine. I think it was in 1778 we were obliged to take up our potatoes, after planting them, to eat.

"We never thought of these privations, but were always happy and cheerful; no unsettled minds, no political strife about church or government, or squabbling municipal councils. We left everything to our faithful Governor. I have often heard my father and mother say that they had no cause for complaint in any shape, and were always thankful to the Government for their kind assistance, in hour of need. Of an evening my father would make

shoes of deer-skins for the children, and mother homespun dresses.

“ We had no doctors, no lawyers, no stated clergy. We had prayers at home, and put our trust in Providence.

“ An old woman in the next clearing was the chief physician of the surrounding country, as it gradually settled. A tree fell one day, and hurt mother’s back very much. We sent for the old woman, who came, steeped some wheat, made lye, applied it very hot in a flannel, and in a very short time mother was as well as ever.

GROWING THEIR TABLE LINEN.

“ Flax was cultivated in those halcyon days. One year we grew 700 cwt. We spun and wove it into table linen and wearing apparel, and it lasted a long time. A handy fellow came along and made us our chamber looms, so that we could work away, and have no occasion for imported finery, nor, if we had, could we have procured any. As girls grew up, and settlers came around, a wedding occasionally took place. There was but one minister, a Presbyterian, named Robert McDonald, a kind, warm-hearted man who came on horseback through the woods from Kingston, and, where he saw smoke from a house, he always made up to the residence, where he was always welcome. He had a most powerful voice ; when he became excited he could be heard a mile off. All who were inclined to marry he spliced, with many a kind word to the young folks to be

prosperous by industry and perseverance. He married Mr. White and myself. I have the certificate yet. When the girls would smirk and look pleasant at him, thinking he was a great benefactor to the race, he would chuck them under the chin, and say : ' It will soon be your turn. I am going to Clarke, a long way off through the woods, with very few settlements on the way, and when I come back mind and be ready.' There was not much trouble in that, for the girls had no dresses, but what they spun and made for themselves.

" We got along first-rate, so that when any of the girls married afterwards they each had as a portion 100 acres, one colt, four cows, a yoke of steers, twenty sheep, and linen which they had spun and wove, some furniture which they made suited to their log house. Carpets were not then known, nor were they wanted, as the floors of a farm house were always scoured by the industry of the inmates.

" My mother died in 1834. She was blind for several years prior to her death. She was in the 104th year of her age. My father was killed in the raising of a barn.

" I was married to Mr. White in 1812, and came to Coburg in 1813. It was quite a wilderness, but a few small clearings, and only three houses in the place, and a rough corduroy road that led to the lake. We took a clearing made by Mark Burnham, brother to Zaccheus Burnham. We did very well, and as my husband used to go to Montreal in a

batteau, which took him three weeks, to buy goods for Burnham's store, which he had opened near the courthouse, he had many ways independent of the farm, which he left me to manage.

"During our residence upon the farm the quantity of game was astonishing—rabbits, squirrels, ducks, partridges, woodcocks without number. The brooks were filled with fish ; if we wanted salmon for breakfast, we had only to go to the brook, and in a minute had caught all we wanted. Sometimes we caught a large quantity to dry and smoke. Old Fisher, one afternoon, speared seventy in the millstream at Burnham's mill. When my husband went to Montreal, he would be gone five or six weeks. It was a hard, fatiguing journey. My husband, being a thorough Government man, one of the old school, he was well protected and cared for, and was much respected by the Indians, whom he managed very well. The country was full of Indians.

"He used to bring seeds from Montreal. Here the soil was very rich, and soon we had a very fine garden, which in those days was quite a curiosity. In May we had some fine lettuce, and as for onions they were as big as turnips.

"After staying at Burnham's clearing for four or five years, by that time Mr. White had saved enough to buy a farm, which we have lived upon ever since. Here we succeeded very well, had to work early and late, but cared not how the work went. We continued to thrive, and brought up our children industriously.

"Land at that time about Coburg was of very little value. A good-sized block could then have been bought for a saddle. By degrees others came in so as to make a snug little community.

"I never expected to see steamboats running to and from the States, or railroads running through our farm. A great many improvements have taken place, both in roads and implements. Yet I do not think all these tend to make people contented and happy, for the rising generations are not so much so as their forefathers ; they have ideas that can never be realised.

"Give me the social spinning-wheel days, when girls were proud to wear a homespun dress of their own spinning and weaving, not thinking of high-heeled boots and thin shoes, nor rigged out in hoops and crinoline, salt-cellar bonnets, which have occasioned a great demand for doctors, and which were almost unknown in my young days ! "

CANADA'S PRIDE IN HER LOYALISTS.

It was United Empire Loyalists such as these who laid the foundation of the mighty Canadian nation as we know it to-day. It was they and their children and their children's children who have not only transformed Old Ontario into one of the fairest and most prosperous countries in the British Empire, but who also built up the greatness of Western Canada. To be able to directly trace their descent from United Empire Loyalists is the

proudest boast of the worthiest Canadian families of to-day.

The struggles and peaceful triumphs of the earliest British settlers in Upper Canada—their primitive agriculture amid the blackened stumps of their clearings, their patriarchal home life, their perils from Indians and wild beasts—these can only be imagined from the few written records that have come down to us. There is, of course, no living link with that day. I have, however, discussed the subject with many Canadians whose great-grandparents were United Empire Loyalists.

The lives of the United Empire Loyalists are brought within living touch of our own times by the more accessible experiences of the grandparents of many people now living. Their pioneering was of the same calibre; indeed, I have spoken with many patriarchal old farmers, of seventy or eighty, who as pioneers in their younger days lived a life of such primeval simplicity and rugged self-reliance that it is almost incredible to see them still in the flesh.

"I travelled in a bullock-cart over a corduroy road through the forest to be married," said a dear old lady to me in Woodstock. "I drove in my own buggy to church for years and years, and I have lived to go there in my grandson's automobile. And I guess I'll fly to town in an aeroplane before long!"

It is necessary to know something of the mighty wonders accomplished by the pioneers of Canadian

agriculture in order to appreciate the spirit that is the kernel of Canadian civilisation, and the secret of the nation's strength. An English child is unlikely to experience any thrill of family pride in having pointed out to it the gaunt and gloomy cotton-mill in which his grandfather spent his life of ill-paid toil. But surely there must be a mighty incentive to the youth of Canada in walking over the old home farms which their grandparents made amid the primeval woodlands, and in contemplating the story of their courageous, manly, and successful lives, when Canada had no wealth but the strength and faith of her stalwart sons.

I count it an honour and a noteworthy privilege to have enjoyed the friendship of not a few of these grand old pioneers. Shall I ever forget the twinkling eyes of a Saskatchewan farmer's wife as she related to me her stupefied amazement when, after marrying her husband in Winnipeg, and travelling three hundred miles with him in a prairie schooner, or covered waggon, she came in sight of the home of her dreams, and beheld bushes three feet high growing out of its roof of sods!

HER HONEYMOON.

Her husband leant over the ship's rail, and chuckled as his wife told me the story of her honeymoon trip, which ended with that amazing spectacle.

"If I had only known what you were taking me

to!" she said, looking at her man with mock severity.

"You'd have come just the same, Sally," replied her husband, laughing. "Tell Mr. Young about the nice cookstove you found waiting for you."

"Yes, the nerve of the man!" she exclaimed, smiling at this new recollection. "There wasn't even a cookstove—only an iron pot hanging on an old musket barrel, which he had grubbed out of an Indian burial-ground! But the bushes growing out of the roof! Oh, my!"

I had many a talk with this lady afterwards, and she told me how she grew to love that prairie home, which had given her such a shock at first sight. She and her husband never left the original homestead, although a new house was built in time, and the farm added to until they had 1,200 acres altogether. Strangest thing of all, they lived and made money on that prairie farm, although they were there twenty-five years without the railway coming nearer than fifty miles to them? It was not until twenty-five years had passed that the railway came within three miles of their home. Neighbours gave up hoping, and pulled out in disgust, but they stayed on, and enjoyed the life. This farmer's wife thought nothing of driving fifty miles to town by herself, behind two Indian ponies. She did so hundreds of times.

"Yes, I made money even then," admitted her husband. "It was out of the question to grow much

wheat. I grew a crop (stock) which did not need to be hauled to market, but walked there ! ”

When I was at Rice Lake, Ontario, in 1918, I met hearty old fellows of eighty who had shot deer while standing in the doorway of their log-houses sixty years ago.

On the steamer going to Peterborough, up the beautiful Otonabee river, I chatted with an old farmer who told me that he was seventy-three, and that his mother, aged ninety-four, was still alive. She took ten weeks to come to Canada from England in a sailing vessel. For many years after settling in that district, which (said this farmer) was then a forest wilderness, his mother had been in the habit of walking fifteen miles to Coburg for her groceries, and carried them home in a sack on her back all that distance. Now there is a motor-car in her barn, although the old spinning-wheel is still in the attic.

When the great Toronto daily newspaper, *The Globe*, celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary on March 5th, 1919, it was able to discover the astonishing fact that there were a number of its readers in Ontario who had read its first issue three-quarters of a century ago, and who were still alive and able to enjoy reading its bright, well-printed columns !

ROUGHING IT—WITH COMPENSATIONS.

One of these was Mrs. Elizabeth Lundy, of Niagara Falls, the widow of Lanty Shannon Lundy, whose father gave his name to that historic Niagara

roadway, Lundy's Lane, on which he received his homestead in 1784, by deed patent over the great seal of George III. On this property four generations of Lundys have been born, and upon it still live several of the great grandchildren of the original settler, who with other United Empire Loyalists fled from Philadelphia, after the American revolution. In Mrs. Lundy's house still stands, in good working order, the grandfather's clock taken to Canada by William Lundy 140 years ago. Mrs. Lundy herself, in 1919, when she was ninety-one years old, was still able to take an interest in current affairs, and during the war with Germany knitted over 200 pairs of socks for Canadian soldiers.

The Canadian pioneers of seventy or eighty years ago, despite their difficulties, generally enjoyed a rough abundance which the English peasantry have never known. I have already quoted the reminiscences of an old inhabitant of Coburg, Ontario, who speared salmon with a pitchfork. Another contemporary of hers in the same district was pretty hard pressed for supplies one fall owing to the failure of his corn and potatoes. One morning, after a heavy freshet, they awoke to find the creek in front of their place teeming with salmon. It was the work of only an hour or two to fill an old boat with fish, which they immediately salted down for the winter, and left outside to freeze. A little later they heard a commotion amongst the poultry, and, rushing out, found a big bear about to make inroads on the fish. The settler seized his musket and that night the family went to

bed happy in the thought that they had bear meat, as well as good fish in plenty, for the winter.

The work of clearing the forest in Old Ontario was exceedingly heavy. Some of the maple trees were four feet in thickness, while rock elms six feet in diameter were not uncommon. Most of the wood had to be burnt where it was felled. There was no market for it. One pioneer in Durham County still lives in the house which his father built with lumber from magnificent pine trees bought from a neighbour for one dollar each. In the building of this house, which is a very fine one, a carpenter was employed. His pay was one dollar a day, and he provided his own tools. The house took one hundred days to complete, and the carpenter took his wages in the form of a horse. Every piece of wood used in building that house was planed by hand.

As will be gathered from this, wages were small in the pioneer days of seventy or eighty years ago. The usual pay for a farm hand was ten dollars (or £2) a month for eight months, and if there was no work to do in the bush in winter, the hired man worked for his board the other four months. One hundred dollars for the year was considered very good pay.

When the trees had been cut down and burnt, the best of the ashes were collected and sold, if the settler badly wanted cash. Then wheat could be sown by hand. No ploughing was required ; indeed, sometimes it was possible to grow crops three years in succession without ploughing, so mellow and rich

was the virgin soil. The seed was covered by means of a V-shaped harrow drawn by oxen, which, though stubborn creatures, and most trying to the temper, were handier than a horse for navigating between the numerous stumps. These stumps were the bugbear of the pioneer farmer. Hardwood stumps would rot sufficiently to make it possible to burn them out within four or five years. But the great pine stumps had to be dragged out with stumping machinery, perhaps at the cost of one dollar each, and when they were pulled out they hid the farm ! It is certainly astonishing the immense size of one of these stumps, and when there were ten such giants on an acre they required some shifting, even when uprooted. The old settlers had a habit of making fences to their fields with these uprooted stumps, lying close together on their sides. They were effective all right, but naturally occupied much room, and harboured weeds. Hundreds of such fences may still be seen all over Old Ontario. The sickle and the cradle were used for reaping the harvest, and often the early settler had to carry a sack of wheat many miles on his back to the mill, to get it ground into flour for his family, there being perhaps no road that lay that way. There was then very little money in the country, and barter was the rule at the cross-roads store, a cash trade being out of the question. The farmers' wives took baskets of eggs to the store, and were glad to trade these for little items like cream of tartar. Eighty years ago one could go into a village store, and buy a bushel-basket of fresh eggs

for a dollar ! But if you wanted to sell eggs, you had to accept other commodities in exchange to the uttermost farthingsworth.

ROMANTIC FIRESIDES.

I have already quoted from the reminiscences of an early pioneer to show the simple home life of those primitive days. The large fire, taking four foot logs, which he referred to, was a feature in most homes. By raking the ashes over the glowing wood the last thing at night, an effort was made to keep the fire from going out entirely, as matches were rare indeed in the early settlements. If the fire did go out, the settler would, on getting up in the morning, look across at the nearest house to see if there was smoke rising from the chimney. In that case, he often went over to borrow some red-hot embers to re-light his own fire. Steel and flint were also used to start a fire with the aid of spunk, or dry, decayed wood. In the evening, there being no such things as oil lamps, some youthful member of the home circle might be deputed to sit by the fire and light long pieces of resinous pine, to provide enough light for father to read by, or to enable himself and the other children to study their home lessons in readiness for school.

What an influence the home life exercised on the children brought up amid such scenes ! Everything centred around the mother and the fireside. And such mothers those were ! The little log house amid the woods was their world. Isolated in those leafy

solitudes, they saw and heard little of the great world of cities, yet it was wonderful what busy, useful, and happy lives they lived. What a joy it must have been to their children when such a mother lived to see the forest disappear, the home farm cleared, the neighbourhood settled, a handsome house erected in place of the old shanty, and her boys and girls satisfactorily settled in life!

It is always a pleasure to me to go over a farm that is still in the possession of the descendants of the original settler. I visited such a farm on Lake Ontario, where several specimens of the first growth of pines—huge, gnarled veterans—still stand to indicate from what sort of land the hardy pioneers hewed out the smiling farmlands thereabouts. The ancient split-rail fences of black oak on that farm are quite seventy years old. While I was examining these fences, still firm and sound, the farmer told me that he remembered when the rails were split for one cent a rail, and when forty cents (or 1s. 8d.) was the price paid for cutting and piling a cord of wood. He has known men who could split three cords in a day.

Such were the conditions which prevailed even within living memory on many Ontario farms. The old pioneering life was a primitive life—a life which furnished few of the luxuries and refinements of to-day, but which nevertheless afforded the worker and his family a certain rude plenty, and developed in him a resourcefulness and an independence, which made for true manhood.

There is something brave and interesting about such hardy pioneers. They lived all their days amid the fragrance of the pines, in touch with the clean brown earth, in rude homes of logs, which rang with the laughter of happy and healthy children. Were they worse off for knowing nothing of the life of our grime-coated cities, the tinny mirth of our music halls, the appalling meanness and sordidness of lodging-house London, or the degradation of travelling to work on a workmen's train, sixteen in a carriage? Were they the poorer because they were never visited by the rent man, the gas man, or the water inspector?

For myself I should feel a greater pride in claiming kinship with such forebears, who hewed the ancestral home out of the virgin forest, than I should in dwelling on a ducal estate, which was the heritage of war.

WESTERN PROGRESS.

I have written at some length on the human side of pioneering life, which has always had a peculiar fascination for me, but, of course, this is only one phase of the subject. On the commercial side, the story of the development of Canada from the pioneering stage onwards, is one of the most romantic chapters in the history of the British Empire, and one of the most striking illustrations of the virility of the British race. I can imagine nothing more calculated to inspire pride and confidence in the future of our race than for a Britisher to make a tour

through Western Canada, and behold the amazing progress which the country has made during the past twenty or thirty years.

When I was employed on the editorial staff of the *Regina Leader*, one of the most progressive and fearless daily newspapers in the Great West, I found in my room a complete set of the files of that journal from the first issue. It was a favourite spare-time occupation of mine to browse through those files. Although they did not date back further than thirty years, they covered practically the whole span between the time when there was not a single mile of railway in that vast country, and when the wild buffalo roamed over the uninhabited plains of the west, to the building of such modern cities as Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, and Vancouver, with their skyscrapers, electric street cars, vast commerce, and all the facilities and refinements of European capitals.

Think, ye modern dabblers in real estate speculation, of a time when the city of Saskatoon was only a "proposal," when city lots were being offered free, and there were few takers!

I greatly valued the privilege which I had frequently, while a newspaper man in Regina, of meeting on terms of friendship many of the men who had figured prominently in the development of the West. I remember travelling once to Saskatoon with a Canadian Cabinet Minister, who told me that the first year he was on his homestead he was very much worried because Christmas was only a fortnight

off, and he had no toys or sweets for his children, and nothing out of the way in view for the family's Christmas dinner. However, on going round his traps in the bush, he was delighted to find that he had caught a fox with a particularly valuable pelt. The next morning he set out on a fifty-mile walk over the snow to Prince Albert with this skin, and thought the trip well worth the trouble when he was enabled to return with something that represented Christmas cheer in a sack over his shoulder.

CHAPTER IV

Scenes in Saskatchewan—My First Job and How I Nearly Missed It—The Prairie "Mint"—a Threshing Outfit and the Sheaf Loader.

- SOME of my pleasantest experiences in Canada were in connection with my work as a newspaper man in Saskatchewan. I had already gained a fair knowledge of Canadian life, and had many Canadian friends, before that hot evening in August when I boarded a west-bound train at Montreal, intending to try my luck in the West.

In due time I arrived in Regina, where I received a most hearty welcome from an old friend of mine, who was at that time manager of one of the hotels. I had an experience which afforded me no little amusement in connection with my arrival in Regina.

AN UNFAVOURABLE IMPRESSION.

My hotel friend had told me that, seeing I was an experienced newspaper man, I could probably get on the staff of the leading daily paper of Saskatchewan the Regina *Leader*. In fact he had been told as much in an authoritative quarter. I went round to see the editor, and was well received, but I got the impression that he didn't want to engage me, and yet didn't want to give me a refusal. I told my

friend that he must have been mistaken, the *Leader* evidently didn't want me. He was surprised, but promised to investigate. I think it was the following night that my good friend, the manager, came over to me in the hotel, and asked me to step into his office.

"It's about the *Leader*, old man," he said, after pulling out the drawer of his desk, as nearly every Canadian business man does, and handing me a cigar. "You won't take offence at what I am going to say?"

"Not likely, so long as you hand out cigars like this one," I replied, laughing.

"Well, to put it bluntly, old chap," he went on, "the *Leader* people want you all right, but they don't want you with that moustache of yours. They think you look altogether too like a gol' darned Englishman!"

This was a smack in the eye with a vengeance, but I saw the humour of the situation. We had a good hearty laugh, and called several other friends into the office to hear the joke.

At that time I wore a moustache, with pointed ends, carefully hongroised in normal times, stiffened with soap when wax was scarce! In extenuation, I can only plead a not uncommon failing—youthful vanity. No doubt to the Westerner I looked too like a prosperous insurance agent from a London suburb. Anyway, I shaved my face clean the following morning, and the next time I went to the *Leader* office, although nothing was said regarding my altered

appearance, I was told to start when I wanted to. Thus commenced a very happy and satisfactory experience in Western journalism. If the *Leader* management were critical of my personal appearance at the outset, they certainly proved during the whole of the time I was in their service exceedingly generous, considerate, and appreciative. I have still the most kindly feelings for the Editor ; the various members of the reporting staff, who, I have no doubt, are now widely scattered ; the foreman printer, and all the others whom I was associated with at that time. I often wish I were back amongst them again. When, during the following winter, I saw shaggy farmers coming into town with icicles dangling from their whiskers, I could appreciate the sound sense there is behind the fact that most men in Western Canada are clean shaven. There was at that time some prejudice against Englishmen in Canada—for which the unsatisfactory behaviour and tactless attitude of an occasional undesirable were responsible. I believe that this prejudice, even where it still exists, is very easy to overcome. The Canadians are quick to appreciate honest worth, and the Englishman who goes out to Canada prepared to contribute his service instead of his advice, and who has the sense to avoid disparaging comparisons, is certain to be well received and to get a square deal.

I arrived in Saskatchewan in harvest-time, in a year when the crop was unusually bountiful, and I was anxious to get out among the prairie farms, and see the threshing in progress. Before I had been

in Regina a week, such a trip was arranged for me on a beautiful sunny afternoon.

MY FIRST HARVEST FIELD.

I have visited the Royal Mint, and seen the wonderful automatic machines stamping out with almost incredible speed, the plain ribbons of bullion into golden coin. On that lovely fall day, I watched a threshing outfit minting the golden grain of Saskatchewan's bounteous harvest into golden dollars. Of the two spectacles I think I found the latter the more wonderful.

Outside the King's Hotel my friend's motor was purring softly to itself.

"Is there anything else to wait for?" asked the big man at the wheel. "No? Then let's beat it."

In a flash we are off through the sunny streets. "A nice day for chickens," said the big man. "Gee, I wish I had brought my gun!" He was thinking of prairie chickens.

The sky was cloudless, the soft breeze sang in our ears as we sped along. We stopped at Parliament Buildings to pick up the agricultural expert, who was coming with us. Then we turned to the right, and in a moment had left behind the car lines, and struck the prairie trail.

"Six weeks of this weather will make Saskatchewan the greatest country on earth," said the big man, as he let the motor have its head. The air was exhilarating, intoxicating.

"We will soon have a car blockade if this weather holds," remarked the expert.

We were now well out on the prairie, and the trail was cut deep by the wheels of heavy waggon but the springs of the big car took up all the jolts. A bigger bump than usual, and we were over the railway; another minute, then another jolt, it was another railway we had crossed.

How delightful it was to sit back and watch the big car eat up the black trail as we flew through the brown prairie. Five windmills sprang up on the skyline. Already we were among the farms which were contributing to the greatness of the West, and which were at the same time a guarantee of the permanence of its proud position.

A bunch of cattle strayed across the trail; the big man steered cautiously, and in a moment we were past them. Soon we were surrounded by a veritable sea of stooks. Surely there is nothing in nature so beautiful as a Canadian harvest field under a cloudless autumn sky.

"An awful heavy crop," said the big man.

We passed a comfortable farmhouse with rocking-chairs on the verandah, red geraniums in the window, and chickens in the yard; then through a great expanse of summer fallow—an explanation in itself of the "awful heavy crop," and the unmistakable prosperity and comfort of the farm we had just passed.

On our right lay a whole section of 640 acres, cropped with flax. How beautiful its deep, golden

colour as it bent before the breeze. Another farm, and we stopped for a drink. There was a windmill with a gasoline engine attached to the pump in the yard. One of us jumped out, and walked to the house for a cup. A handsome woman in a cool print dress gave us a kindly greeting, and told us where we could find the threshing outfit we were looking for. We were now thirteen miles from the city.

The big man turned the car from the black trail right on the stubble, and we sped along through the straight avenues of stooks, and soon came upon what we were seeking. The outfit was working in the midst of a great farm, and as far as the eye could reach there was nothing but stooks.

The steam engine was humming and throbbing, its long belt which runs the thresher swaying lightly, giving little indication of the great power behind it. Two wagons, one on either side, were feeding the thresher steadily, but with no haste.

A BUSINESS-LIKE FARMER.

I was introduced to the farmer, and to my surprise he turned out to be the brown-looking fellow in oily overalls, who was running the steam engine when we came up.

"Don't rub against me," he said, laughing through the thresher-dust that covered his face. "I don't want to spoil your clothes."

Yes, he agreed, it was splendid threshing weather. He had just finished threshing 10,000 bushels of

wheat on his place ; that took them six days owing to broken weather ; and now they were threshing quite 2,000 bushels a day on the farm where we stood. The threshing outfit belonged to himself and his partner, who owned adjoining farms, his own being 1,150 acres, while his partner had 800 acres. No, he did not know of any way of using the straw which the thresher was shooting out on to a heap almost as big as the entire outfit. He wished he did. Probably on his farm alone he had burned 100 tons of straw at the end of every harvest.

I liked this farmer ; he was a splendid type of the men who are farming the rich soil of Saskatchewan as an organised business. He had come out from Eastern Canada twenty-three years before, and now he owned 1,150 acres, worth \$100 an acre, so that his land alone was worth \$115,000. Yet we found him doing a good day's work alongside his men !

I asked him if he ever thought of quitting the farm. Yes, a year or two previously he had thought he had made enough, and he took a house and lot in Regina ; but, after a week or two in the city, he became homesick for the prairie, and was glad enough to take up his abode once more in the old farmhouse. He didn't know how it was, he supposed in a country where everybody was so strenuously active he would not care to feel himself out of it. He sometimes thought that he would go to the Peace River one day, and take up a homestead !

This farmer, as I have said, believed in working

his farm on business principles. He had everything that was the latest and best. In his company we went aside to watch the most wonderful machine ever seen on the prairies of Canada, namely, a Sheaf Loader. This extraordinary machine, which seemed as one watched it to possess an almost human intelligence, was pulled by four horses right along the line of stooks. In an instant its steel claws tumbled the stooks on to a travelling platform which conveyed the sheaves one by one to the wagon, which was also travelling alongside. Four horses and one man were employed on the loader and two horses on the wagon which accompanied it.

It seems almost incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact, that this extraordinary machine filled a big wagon in two minutes, while elsewhere it had been timed to fill a wagon in a minute and a half. With the help of the sheaf-loader, the number of wagons necessary to keep the thresher working at full pressure is cut in half, and the men do not have to work so hard. The fact that the wagon is loaded without the necessity of having a man standing on top of the grain to receive the sheaves thrown up by the pitcher, prevents a great quantity of grain being trampled out.

We turned again to watch the thresher at work. It is a beautiful sight to see the sheaves move irresistibly into the thresher, while the great stream of broken straw and dust shoots out of the funnel on the left, and the golden grain in a steady stream pours down another shoot into the box-wagon.

Our afternoon on the prairie had brought us in touch with the facts. We lingered among the stooks through the whole sunny afternoon, and when we drove off again in the big car, and looked back, we saw the threshing outfit silhouetted against the setting sun—surely a fitting background for the greatest factor in the prosperity of the West.

CHAPTER V

Life in a Prairie Province—How we Made Friends—A Calf Story—Boys' Pranks—A Scot's Experience—English and Irish, too—A Young Capitalist's Crop—Farming on the "Long Distance Plan"—Buying a Farm—Co-operative Farming—Homesteaders who Fail—A Cabinet Minister's Advice

IN Regina we had rooms in a very nice house on the west side of the city, where we could see the wonderful sunsets, which are so frequently witnessed on the prairies. My worthy landlord was a well-known business man in the city, a Canadian born and bred, and most excellent company. I believe he would have proved as friendly to anyone, but a little circumstance occurred which caused him to become specially attached to us. His wife had a mild attack of diphtheria. Now it so happens that my wife and I are by temperament quite unafraid of infection of any kind, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world for the only other woman in the house to look after the sick one, and we rather made fun of the timid folks who made sympathetic enquiries over the telephone, but did not come to the house. After that we were just one happy family, and we had the run of the place. Never once did our landlady bake any cakes without sending up a plateful to us, and when someone brought home a

pail of ice-cream, we all shared alike. This was a typical Canadian home, and one of the happiest I have ever lived in.

My landlord friend always had a cigar in his mouth, when he wasn't at his meals or asleep, and his wife never tired of telling him playfully that he smoked too much. He had a habit of having an open box of fifty cigars lying handy, and it became a joke, which never grew stale, for the family, including ourselves, to abstract and hide half-a-dozen at a time, and then reproach the smoker with his extravagance.

"You brought that box home only last night," his wife would say.

"That's right, Mumsie."

"Look at it now, only twenty left! Thirty cigars gone in smoke in less than a day! I guess you've got money to burn!"

"Well! For the land's sake, if that doesn't beat everything!" he would exclaim, looking in real astonishment at the box.

NEW TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.

This friend was "raised" on an Ontario farm, and he enjoyed telling us of the happy days of his boyhood. When his grandfather, who was a typical pioneer of the old school, had his first baby grandchild put into his arms, he said; "Every grandson of mine that is named Douglas after me shall have a horse, and every grand-daughter named Jeannie after mother shall have a coo."

Before he died there were twenty-four Douglasses among his grandchildren, and he kept his promise to every one of them.

This same old farmer once had a fine calf. He also kept a bottle of whisky in the house, and every day after his dinner he had a "wee drappie." One day he had asked the hired man to roll out an old barrel of cider, and empty it out, as it was too old and musty to drink. The man got the barrel out of the cellar, but did not immediately empty it. While he was out of the way, two of the boys drew a pailful of this cider, and made the old sow and her litter hopelessly drunk. They offered some to the calf, but it wouldn't touch it. Not to be beaten, one of the lads sneaked indoors, and got hold of grandfather's whisky. They made a grand bran mash with the aid of the spirits, and tried the calf with that. This was exactly to the creature's taste, and not very long afterwards the calf was charging the barn door, tripping itself up, and acting generally as no decent calf had ever acted before. Grandfather was sent for, and was very perplexed. He tried to capture the animal, which eluded him by pushing a fence down. Sorely puzzled, he said that if the calf was no better after dinner, he would send for the veterinary. After he had eaten his dinner, grandfather rose, and reached down the bottle from the cupboard, as was his usual custom. It was empty.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Fine I ken what's wrang wi' the calvie now. The little deevils have given it my whusky!"

On another occasion these two boys went into the woods to gather raspberries. The berry season was really over, and they found very few. When it came time to be getting home, they felt ashamed of their ill-success, and did not wish to be seen with pails that were only one-quarter filled. Then they conceived the bright idea of emptying the raspberries out, three-parts filling the pails with stones and leaves, and then a nice layer of raspberries on top, so that the pails would appear to be full of berries. This was soon done, and the boys proceeded on their way homewards, very pleased with themselves. On their way they passed a farm where they were well-known, and met the lady of the house at the gate.

"My! What fine berries!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," admitted the boys.

"Your mother can't want all these," said the lady. "Why, she told me the other day she'd put up seventy quarts already. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a dollar for one of the pails."

"All right," said the boys.

"Wait and take the pail with you," said the lady, as the boys, on receiving the dollar bill, were making haste to be off.

"No, never mind, we'll get it another time," they said.

"Well, stop and have a drink of milk, or some apples."

"No, thank you. We're in an awful hurry."

As soon as these boys got safely out of the yard, they "beat it," as the Canadians say.

Next morning the farmer's wife got her preserving kettle ready, carefully weighed the sugar, and then emptied out the raspberries—and the leaves and the stones !

That same night the awful story had reached the home of these ingenious boys, and they had to take back the dollar, and make their apologies. How they pleaded with their mother to give the lady back her dollar next time she saw her ! But mother was firm, and they had to face that final humiliation as bravely as they could !

Another time these boys got hold of a favourite cat belonging to an old maiden aunt of theirs. Taking it into the barn, they attached a cord to its tail, and on the cord one of those infernal crackers, which go off bang about five times at intervals. Then they lighted the cracker and let the cat loose. At the first bang, Auntie rushed out of the house to see her cat making for the woods, and leaping about ten feet at every bang. The animal didn't come back for a week.

EGGS AND SWALLOW-TAILS.

Once the boys were buttonholed by one of their uncles, who wasn't many years older than they were. The occasion was a wedding breakfast, and everyone wore their "glad rags," or holiday clothes, the men their swallow-tail coats.

"Wouldn't it be a great joke ?" suggested the elder conspirator, "if you boys put a hen's egg in

Uncle Zebadea's coat-tail pocket, and I induced him to sit down on it ? ”

“ Bully ! ” exclaimed the boys. “ We will do it.”

It didn't take long to slip the egg where they wanted it, and the young man who was in the plot easily persuaded the older man to come and sit down in the porch for a smoke. They sat down together, but, just as the younger one was about to enjoy the joke, he felt a squelch under his own coat-tails. The boys had put an egg into his pocket, as well as into Uncle Zebadea's !

It was impossible to keep such youngsters out of mischief. One day they obtained permission to go to Lake Huron, thirty miles away, to fish. About half a dozen of them went together, and were away three or four days, sleeping in the woods. When they got to the lake, the biggest boy of the party upset one of the canoes, when they were well out from shore. It took the others a considerable time to rescue their companions, owing to the weight of the big boy, and by the time they got ashore, they were scared stiff, and had quite enough of the Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer life.

My friend told me that his grandmother, back home on the old farm, always put food on the table for every visitor, no matter what hour of the day it was. She was always consulted by her husband before he sowed a field, or bought a horse, as he never neglected to give her credit for being as good a farmer as he was.

In the course of my work as a newspaper man I frequently met men and women from the Old Country, and I never missed an opportunity of leading them on to talk about themselves and their experiences in Canada. One day on the outskirts of Regina, I encountered a young man, whose accent indicated the land of his birth without a doubt. He asked me into his shack, where I found his wife and two little boys. They hailed from Kirkcaldy. The man was a carpenter, and his wife a typical, thrifty, clean Scotswoman. She did most of the talking, especially when she discovered that I knew something about the "Lang Toon," her birthplace. She had no complaints about Canada, except that they lived so far out of the city that the milkman wouldn't call in the winter. She had to get a friend of hers nearer town to take in the milk, and she called for it later in the day. Her husband had been in Canada three years, and never been a day out of work.

"At hame in Scotland," said the woman, "we just lived from hand to mouth. If we did manage to save a pound, it aye went for something, that was badly wanted. Bill there was workin' only seeven hours a day in the winter-time—sometimes he brought hame only twenty-three shillings at the week-end. Oot here he has never had less than fifty cents an hour. He was able to bring me oot, and the bairns, which was a gey expense, but now this house and lot are our ain, and we have money in the bank as weel. We have lived better in Canada, and we are further forrit after three years, then we



Photo: Canadian National Railways

MOUNT EDITH CAVELL

The magnificent snow-capped mountain named after the heroine of the Great War. It is 11,033 feet high and sitsuate in one of the Dominion's great national beauty and pleasure reserves, Jasper Park, Alberta, which comprises more than 7,000 square miles of superb mountains (there are hundreds of them), mirror-like lakes and richly-wooded vales.

would have been in Scotland after thirty years. I was saying I would get a coo next spring. I could get one for fifty dollars. We pay a dollar for eight quarts of milk, so you can easily see that in a twelve month the coo would have paid for hersel', and be still our ain, and maybe a calf into the bargain! I was telling Bill that we could easily fatten a pig, and sure we must have hens. But Bill says: 'Ach! it's a hamestead you're wantin', lassie!' But I'll get roond him yet! And there's Bill's brother, a plasterer, workin' in Edmonton. He's coming to see us. I expected him on Tuesday, and this morning I got a telegram saying he'll be coming to-night. Oh, I've a fine dose of work afore me this day! Oh, aye, there's some disadvantages to put up with, but I'd never think o' gaen back to Scotland to stop."

This is the spirit which ensures success in Canada—industry, enterprise, thrift, and perseverance. Little wonder that Scottish settlers are held in high esteem.

A CARPENTER FROM ENGLAND.

Still, there are many Englishmen, and Irishmen, too, who have succeeded just as well as this Scotsman from Kirkcaldy. Indeed, I met an Englishman in Regina, whose experience was almost an exact parallel to the one I have just quoted. He was also a carpenter, an expert at his trade, and a thoroughly honest, industrious, and pushing young fellow. He

was married, and in England he had a little home that was nice enough in its way. But he and his tidy little wife found it a hard struggle to live when the babies began to come. Thirty-six shillings a week was all he could make in those days, even when he had steady work. It often happened, however, that work was scarce, days and half-days were lost, and the week's pay envelope felt woefully thin when he picked it up from the sill of the cashier's window on the Saturday.

For years this carpenter had continued to work diligently and live sparingly, but he was just about as badly off as ever. He and his wife often looked at their bonnie children, and wondered how they were going to give them the start in life they deserved.

It was the children whose future decided the father that some sort of a change was necessary. He would go to Canada.

It was a serious undertaking, for he had barely enough cash to pay his own fare. His wife and children would have to be left behind, and he would require to hustle about getting work, as they would have to be supported as well as himself.

Two weeks after leaving his loved ones, the emigrant arrived in Regina with practically empty pockets. But that did not dismay him; all the successful men he had read about in books were broke when they struck the town where they made their fortunes!

Getting a job was easy, and at the end of the first week he drew twenty-seven dollars. He felt a little

ashamed to take the bills ! After working for eight and nine dollars a week, it seemed scarcely right to take three times as much for the same amount of labour !

But he soon put all such scruples out of his mind. When a dollar came his way, he grabbed it tight. Very soon he had saved enough to get his wife and family out.

Another home—in a house as big as the one his Old Country employer lived in—was got together. He found that rooms were in demand, so he sub-let part of his house, and when I knew him he was living practically rent free. After finding his feet, he took on little jobs in his spare time ; and early and late he could be found putting his heart into his work. The last time I saw this pushing young chap he had a thriving little carpenter's business of his own, although only two years before he had arrived in Canada with a few shillings.

My recollections of the West include memories of many pleasing hours of companionship with men who had made their mark in that great country, but who still retained their simple manners, and were entirely devoid of "side." My work on the newspaper took me about, sometimes as far afield as Saskatoon and Prince Albert, and brought me into touch with many interesting people. I remember being introduced to a young fellow from Winnipeg, who had come to Saskatchewan on a business trip, and to arrange about the threshing of his crop on a farm he owned about fifty miles North-west of

Regina. When I said I would like to go with him, he took me right along. It was only a day trip there and back. We travelled by train to a small station five miles from the farm, then hired a rig and had a most enjoyable ride through a country which, without exaggeration, was a veritable sea of stooks. It was a beautiful sunny day, and as we progressed we could see several threshing outfits at work in the great unfenced fields, and hear the pleasant hum of the threshing engine. Now and then we met farmers driving box-wagons full of newly-threshed wheat to the railway, where the great elevators and a train of empty box-cars stood waiting to receive it. Where the roads were rough, little puddles of golden wheat lay in the ruts, whence it had been shaken from the swaying waggon. Too soon to my liking, we reached my companion's farm, 320 acres, lying on a gentle slope, facing south. The wheat was all in stook, and as we drove across the stubbles our rig scarcely cleared the heaps of sheaves on either side. It was a magnificent crop, about forty bushels to the acre. Yet no one lived on that farm, and except when my friend had it ploughed, seeded and harrowed in the spring by contract, and cut and threshed by contract in the fall, the farm received but little attention. The human emptiness of that fair land was as noticeable as its fertility.

My young farmer friend soon found the man he wanted, and grumbled because his wheat had not been cut just when he ordered it to be done,

with the result that the ears had shed a good deal of grain.

"I guess it will make a difference of two bushels an acre," he said.

Then we came across a strip of weeds three feet high—I believe, tumbling mustard—and six feet wide, running the entire length of the farm, with avenues of wheat sheaves on either side of it! Whoever had been hired to seed that field had missed this strip through carelessness. I could not help wondering what that kind of land was capable of yielding with careful farming, if such abundance were possible under a scheme of absentee farming.

A YOUNG FARMER'S LUCK.

However my friend soon recovered his good spirits, and as we drove back between the wheat fields, he told me something of his history. He was an Ontario boy, and had come to the West with his brother eight years before. When they reached Winnipeg they had just seventy dollars between them, and a set of harness. They bought a horse that wasn't much good, bought vegetables from the growers, and sold them retail in the suburbs of the city. They had to get their first load on trust. After several months of this, my companion parted company with his brother, and bought a farm "on time," as they call the method of paying by instalments in Canada. He was lucky, and made big profits. Then he enlarged his farming operations

bit by bit. When I met him, he had five big farms, which he managed to supervise by hustling back and forward from one to the other, and using the long-distance telephone! How he managed it I don't know, but he proved to me that in his best year his crops had realised £15,000 gross.

This youthful-looking capitalist was by no means the only person I met who was farming on the long distance plan—a method of farming which I had never heard of until I became familiar with the West. My own landlord in Regina, although he had a position in a big business which occupied all his time, also possessed 640 acres of land near Swift Current. He had bought this land as unbroken prairie, at fifteen dollars an acre. He paid down one thousand dollars cash, the balance to be paid with the proceeds of half the crop each year, with six per cent interest on the amount outstanding. The first year he contracted to have fifty acres broken and seeded, the next year another fifty, and the third year to have one hundred and fifty acres in crop. As a matter of fact, he increased these figures considerably, but, with characteristic Canadian foresight, he had, in drawing up the agreement, included a clause to the effect that if he seeded more than the agreed acreage, his creditor only obtained the half-crop from the stipulated acreage, and no more.

I myself had many chances to obtain a farm, which I might have worked by proxy. One proposition was to this effect. My landlord's

brother—a very successful farmer, who sent us lovely chickens, frozen as hard as bricks, in the winter time—told us that we could get two quarter sections (160 acres each) adjoining his place. The idea was that my landlord would buy one, and I the other. The land was five miles from the railway, and the price eighteen dollars an acre. The quarter section, he said, would cost each of us about \$3,000. There was a mortgage of nine hundred dollars on each quarter section. I would be required to pay one thousand dollars cash, leaving a balance of eleven hundred dollars, payable on terms at eight per cent., besides the mortgage. My annual outgoing would be as follows: interest on mortgage, 72 dollars; repayment of principal, 100 dollars; interest on unpaid balance, 88 dollars—making 260 dollars in all. Thus I might have had the satisfaction of being a Western farmer for an outlay of little more than a pound per week!

“But how can I work the farm?” I asked.

“Oh, you needn’t go near it,” was the reply. The farmer on the next quarter will work it for you for one-third the crop!”

We worked it all out on paper, the while smoking my landlord’s cigars, and we agreed that with 100 acres under crop, and a yield of twenty bushels an acre, and the price 70 cents a bushel (as it was at that time), my gross receipts from two-thirds of the crop would be nine hundred and thirty-two dollars. Of course, there is always a very big “If” in estimating the results of wheat farming.

My landlord's brother with whom we worked out these calculations had been in the West about ten years. Originally he homesteaded. Seven years before I met him, any amount of land round his place could have been bought for seven dollars an acre ; in 1912 the cheapest land there was eighteen dollars an acre.

When these two brothers first came to the West they made a trip into the Peace River district, travelling in a waggon from Edmonton. They each bought a section of land near Dunvegan for three dollars an acre, and at the time I am writing about they were still holding it, although they could have got nine dollars an acre for it. Sometimes we sat and discussed the project of all of us selling out, and migrating in a body to those two sections in the Peace River district.

LAND HUNGER.

It was a source of interest to me to meet several people even in Saskatchewan who longed to get "back to the land." One day I noticed a small advertisement in the *Leader*, asking any who were interested in the question of homesteading on a co-operative plan to attend a meeting at an address that was given. I went, and found about half-a-dozen earnest fellows of the artizan and clerical type, who were all quite willing to give up their assured employments in order to satisfy their land hunger. We discussed the question from every angle. One

of the party knew where adjoining homesteads could be obtained, perhaps twenty miles from the railroad. The idea of the man who had inserted the advertisement, and in whose house we were sitting, was that half-a-dozen families could, if they joined forces, make better progress than they could ever hope to do if they were scattered, and each family was entirely dependent on the unaided exertions of its own members. He suggested buying a tractor plough on the co-operative basis. There may have been something in the idea, but I was prevented from attending the next meeting, and I heard nothing further about the project, or the men who discussed it so good-naturedly in that cosy kitchen.

I must admit that I have met farmers in the West who were poor, and unlucky, but, on the other hand, the instances of success frequently met with were very striking indeed. One family, who had gone broke in South Dakota, travelled north into Canada, four hundred miles in a waggon with a tarpaulin cover over it, and arrived in the Regina district about 1900. When they fixed on a homestead they had three horses and some implements, a cookstove, and food, but no money at all. In 1912 that same man had 1,280 acres of land, and he told my landlord, who knew him well, that four customers in Regina took all his cream, which alone brought him in six hundred dollars a month. In addition to his cows, he had no fewer than eight hundred pigs, large and small, which were fed largely on the skim milk.

A large grown-up family is better than money to the skilled agriculturist who starts to build up a farm and a home in a new country. The pioneer who has to do everything himself is as badly handicapped as a one-armed man.

Every Western farmer will tell you that nowadays the homestead which costs nothing is the most expensive kind of farm land one can buy. He means that the additional expenses involved in working a remote location will soon mount up to a figure approximating to the initial cost of a conveniently situated farm near a railroad and town. Of course, the poor man who has ambitions and experience, but no money, has to take what he can get.

HOMESTEADING ON FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

I remember a homesteader coming to the office to see his cousin, who was one of my colleagues on the *Leader*. He had come straight from his land to us. He told me that he had gone on this homestead three years before with five dollars in money, and ten dollars' worth of grub. He was still forty miles from a railway. Before he got his well dug—fortunately he did not have to dig far—he had to bring his water four miles from the Saskatchewan river! Naturally, he did not do any washing at home in those halcyon days! He had paid five dollars an acre for his breaking, that is, the first ploughing of the tough virgin sod, always an expensive operation as it requires four horses, or three oxen,

or a tractor, to pull the plough for "breaking." He stayed on his homestead six months each summer, but worked for others near by whenever he could, and each winter worked in Regina, and saved enough to help him through the following summer.

On the occasion of his visit to town, when I saw him, he was going to apply for the patent (or deeds) for his 160 acres, as, having completed his duties for three years, it had become his freehold. He had just threshed his modest crop of 700 bushels of flax, and 100 bushels of oats, from thirty acres. All three of us went out to tea together, to celebrate his success in sticking it. Certainly he had had a very hard life, but, still, I doubt very much if this young fellow—he was only twenty-one or so—could have done much better working for someone else as a labourer during the whole of these three years. He said himself: "If I had had fifteen hundred dollars I would not have homesteaded, but for a fellow without money it is the best thing he can do to get a start as a farmer on his own."

One day I happened to be travelling in the train with one of the Cabinet Ministers in the Saskatchewan Government. This gentleman had always been very kind and helpful to me when I went to Parliament Buildings after "copy," and I seized the opportunity to ask him about the prospects for the new settler who wanted to go on the land.

"I think," he said, "that the free homesteads have been pretty well picked over, and my own idea is that it is generally best now-a-days to buy

conveniently-situated land in a good district, where adjoining and good land can be obtained when you want it, as you certainly will if you begin with a quarter section."

I asked the Minister how long he had been in Saskatchewan.

"I came out and homesteaded thirty years ago, in the eighties," he replied. "I still have my original homestead, and five other quarter sections besides. I have had about fifty farm labourers working for me at different times, and quite twenty-five of them have farms of their own to-day. All of them came to the west with nothing, and started by working for other farmers. That is the way to start. Local experience is an absolute necessity. How could I, a Saskatchewan farmer, hope to succeed if I went back east to Toronto, or over to England, and started a millinery business or a shoe shop?"

This, of course, is sound common sense, and should be taken by heart by everyone who is thinking of going to Canada to farm, either in the east or the west, and irrespective of whether he is well supplied with capital or not. Starting to farm with capital and without experience, is as foolish as lighting a lamp that has a wick, but no oil.

CHAPTER VI

Successful Settlers—Some True Stories—From 30s. a week to £8—The Man from Somers Town.

I WAS sitting in a friend's house in Toronto one evening, when his brother-in-law came in on his way home from work. It was Friday, and pay-night. The new-comer had been long known to me as a cheerful and humorous fellow, and in order to provide us with some amusement, he began to spread out his fortnight's pay on the table. It amounted to ninety-one dollars, or roughly twenty pounds at the prevailing rate of exchange. Yet he was a man who had never earned more than thirty shillings a week in the Old Country.

A whole literature might be written about stories of success in Canada. It is a never-ending source of amazement to the Englishman or Scotsman, who is traditionally secretive about his private affairs, to observe how readily the Canadian resident will tell you how much he is worth. I do not know whether this stimulating characteristic will disappear now that Canada has an income tax, but it certainly is a wonderful tribute to the possibilities of the country to meet everywhere people, many of them only a few years out from the Old Country, who are happy to tell what they have been able to accomplish by

industry and a spirit of emulation, and who nearly always finish their narrative by adding as an encouragement to the newcomer: "What I have done, others can do, if they go the right way about it."

Here is the story of an Englishman whom I knew as well as I do my own brother, and in whose hospitable house in Toronto I was a frequent visitor. I give the story much as he told it to me one evening when he was in a communicative mood.

A MAN FROM STAFFORDSHIRE.

"I am a native of a Staffordshire town, where I lived long enough to see twenty-eight factories and ironworks closed and dismantled through German competition. My father had been a foundry worker all his life, and his father before him. When I was twelve years of age I started working half-time in the foundry with father, who made a small bench low enough for me to work at. I started work at 6 a.m., and worked till 8.30 a.m., then went home for breakfast before going to school. At noon I took father's dinner to the foundry, and worked a little while at the punch press. Sometimes I went to school in the afternoon, and sometimes I worked in the foundry. As soon as I was old enough to leave school I started working in the foundry full time.

"Before I was eighteen I ran away from the foundry, and enlisted, and saw service during the

next eight years in India, and Burmah, besides going through the South African war. It was while I was in South Africa that I first got the idea of emigrating to Canada. One day I met a Canadian officer, who had previously served in my regiment as a private. He was the son of one of the best-known men in Toronto. In the course of a chat about what I intended to do when I got my discharge, this officer said: 'If you ever think of coming to Canada, call and see me and my folks—here is my address.' However, though I did afterwards come to Canada I never called, although I have often seen his people in public.

"After I returned to civilian life, I went back to work at the old foundry in my native place, but trade was bad, and we were frequently laid off. Even when I was working I earned only a matter of thirty shillings a week. During one of those idle spells, I booked my passage to Canada. While I was away doing so, they sent for me to start again at the foundry, and, after considering the matter, I decided that I would cancel my passage, and wait **until** I had saved more money before emigrating. I forfeited the pound which I had paid as a deposit, and for two years longer I stayed in the old place. But I did not get any richer, as I had hoped. At the end of the two years I was idle again, and after being out of work for nine weeks, I drew the last money I had out of the bank, and booked my passage to Ontario. The previous two years were practically wasted, as regards making any headway. However,

it was a good thing that I decided to emigrate when I did, because two years later the foundry was definitely closed down, and a thousand men were thrown out of work. Among them was my father, who had worked in that same foundry for forty-four years.

“ In due time I reached Toronto, and first obtained a job in a local foundry, and afterwards went into the bedstead-making business, at which I am still employed. In Canada, the employer does not mind so much what kind of work you have been doing, so long as you prove able to do the work that he wants done. Society connections and credentials don't cut any ice out in Canada—the only thing that matters is: ‘Can you deliver the goods.’ It was not long before I was making double the wages I had received in England, and later on I received four times as much. For the past nine years I have practically been my own boss, being foreman at the factory, and I will say this for the employers in Ontario, that when they know the worth of a man they look after him.

“ After I had been in Canada a year, I got married. For a while I paid rent, but the best of Canada is that there are so many chances for the enterprising working man to own his own house. I came up to this district (on the outskirts of Toronto) and bought fifty-four feet frontage of land at five dollars, or one pound, a foot. That was eight years ago ; now the land is worth four times what I paid for it.

“ When I had finished my day's work, I started with the help of a carpenter to build myself this house, on one half of the ground that I had purchased. We worked hard every night, and generally with the aid of a lantern before we had finished, but there is a great satisfaction in working on something that belongs entirely to yourself. At last it was sufficiently advanced to allow us to go in, and save the money that we had been paying out each month as rent, and very glad and proud the wife and I were when we took possession of what was ‘ all our own, every board and nail of it.’ I have gone on improving the house from that time to this, and, as it stands now, the house would sell easily for three thousand dollars (or £600).

A CONTRAST IN CHANCES.

“ I consider that this is not a bad achievement for a working man. I never knew a working man in my native town in England who was able to do as much in a lifetime as I was able to do within eight years out in Ontario. To show the contrast between the chances in England and out in Canada, one has only to consider my father's case. He was in the same trade as myself, and was certainly a better workman than I. He worked for forty-four years for the same firm in Staffordshire, and at the end of that time was thrown out of work because the factory had been closed down. He also paid rent—5s. 6d. a week for thirty-eight years in the same house, and at the end of that time he did not own a brick.

" When father could not get any work in the old country, we brought him and mother out to Ontario. He is working in the same factory as I am. He has been here nine years. He owns his own house and lot on this street, worth over £300, on which he now owes only £80.

" Besides father and mother, there are seven members of our family in Ontario now. I was the first to come. All of them have done very much better here than they would ever have done in England. Three of my married sisters are living in Toronto, and each of them has her own cottage, or house ; one of them has a better house than this, and it is all paid for.

" Two of my brothers also have their own houses, all paid for. They came out to Ontario with nothing ; in fact we had to help some of them to come out.

" I have had to work hard in Canada, harder than I worked in the Old Country. In the middle of summer it is occasionally very hot, and in the winter it is often very cold. But there isn't the slightest doubt in the world that I have got on better here than I could ever have hoped to do in England. I am glad I came.

" At the same time, in regard to anyone in the Old Country who is thinking of emigrating, I would be the last person in the world to wish to give the impression that when one gets away from Old England their troubles are at an end, and there are no more difficulties to face. Anyone who achieves success in Ontario has to practise the old copy-book virtues

of industry, perseverance, and thrift, the same as anywhere else. But for the strong, hard-working manual worker, who is ambitious to get on, and who is working for small wages in the Old Country, and who does not see much in the way of prospects for his children, there is no doubt in my mind that Ontario offers him opportunities second to none in the Empire."

Surely this is a very striking illustration of the opportunities which Canada offers the thrifty, industrious settler, who is a capable workman and desirous of improving his position in the world. I have met many men whose experiences in Canada were very similar.

One bright young fellow whom I knew in Toronto had been receiving thirty shillings a week in England before he emigrated in 1912. His first job was one at £2 8s. a week, and he thought that a small fortune. Since then his position has steadily improved, and when I last saw him he was in a position with the brightest prospects, and enjoying a salary worth £400 a year. He was also living in his own house (certainly it was mortgaged), which had every modern comfort, electric light and gas, porcelain bath, oak floors, and was valued at £900.

FETCHING HIS BRIDE.

While coming to England on one occasion, I shared a cabin with a young Englishman, who was travelling to London to marry the young

lady of his choice. It is astonishing how strangers chum up with one another while sharing a cabin on board ship, and it did not take me long to become on excellent terms with my companion. I was particularly interested in him because he was one of the few city-born and city-bred men I have met who had succeeded as a "homesteader" in the far west. Homesteading on its romantic side has always made a strong appeal to me, and I have visited not a few homesteaders in their lonely "shacks" on the prairies. I must confess that the closer I came to the actual homesteader, the more I marvelled at his courage and spirit, but I had the sense to know that I did not possess either the temperament or the physical toughness to emulate him. It will, however, be a sad day for Canada and the Empire if the pioneering spirit should ever die out in the British-born. There are still immense areas in Canada which will have to be developed piece-meal by pioneers of the same calibre as those hardy, fearless men who have brought the forests of the east, and large sections of the great swelling prairies of the west, under the plough. Let us see to it that no alien race insinuate themselves into possession of the great and glorious heritage won for Canada and the British Empire by our heroic British ancestors.

To return to my homesteader from Somers Town, where Charles Dickens spent part of his boyhood. He told me the story of his connections with Canada while sitting dangling his legs over the

edge of the upper berth in our cabin—while I lay at my ease (not being such a strenuous person as a homesteader) in the lower berth.

“ Ten years ago (he said) I left London, where I had been working in an organ factory, and went to Canada. I was dissatisfied with my prospects in England, for I was earning only a little over a pound a week. One day I read an article in a weekly paper about work on a hayfield in Canada. It was that which gave me the idea

“ ‘ Well, Harry,’ I said to my chum, ‘ What do you say to going to Canada ? ’

“ ‘ I don’t mind going,’ said Harry.

“ When we landed at St. John’s, New Brunswick, I had exactly one pound in my possession. My chum had a little more than I had.

“ Although I was a born Cockney, and naturally did not know anything about agriculture, I had decided to go in for farming. My chum and myself had rail tickets to Saskatoon. On arrival there we both obtained situations on different farms, and before I leave my chum I ought to say that he went all over the country during the years that followed, working at all sorts of jobs, and to-day he is not nearly so well off as I am. All the money he earned went without his having anything to show for it, except a very wide experience of jobs and employers.

“ As for myself, I stuck to farming, although it proved a hard and lonely life. I think that is the only way a young man without capital can hope

to make any progress in Canada. It is very easy to get into a shiftless, restless frame of mind, and throw up a job whenever discouragement comes along. That sort of thing keeps a man poor.

"I daresay I must have been a very green greenhorn, as when my first employer said he could not pay me much, as I was such a duffer, I agreed to work the whole winter for my board alone. During the summer I received ten pounds and my board for the season's work. Very poor pay you will think, and, personally, I think that surely I must have been worth more than that.

"I had to begin at the very beginning. The boss had to come out and teach me how to harness a horse. Then he said I would have to tackle ploughing. He guided the plough for fifty yards or so, then, under his direction, I took the handles. He walked twice round the field with me, directing me, and pointing out how it ought to be done. That first furrow was very crooked, but, after the boss had been round the field with me twice, he thought I would do, and left me to it.

"That was about the hardest day's work I ever did in all my life. When the farmer came round to have a look at me in about an hour's time, I was absolutely dead beat, and as he watched me he told me why it was—I had been trying to push the plough, instead of just guiding it easily. I also found a difficulty in ploughing to the right depth. Sometimes I was ploughing too shallow, and sometimes too

deep. However, I soon learnt what the farmer wanted—namely, to have the ground turned about three inches deep.

“I had the saving grace of being willing to do as I was told, and I made the boss feel that I wanted, above all things, to do what he wanted. He proved a very reasonable teacher, and within a couple of days I could handle the plough pretty well. I was supposed to do three acres a day with a fourteen-inch breaking plough. Four horses pulled the plough, and as we were doing a half-mile stretch before we turned, I walked about twenty miles a day.

“I had, of course, to be taught to milk. The boss had to show me, and at first the cows did not give much milk when the greenhorn handled them. However, after two or three days I was considered proficient enough to take over the work of milking all the cows. I can milk all right now, of course. Personally, I rather like the job. In Canada, however, the majority of men folk hate the bother of milking, and the hired man often kicks against it. The first milking is a very tiring job, and if you have a lot of cows to milk you get cramp in the hands.

HARD WORK AND SMALL WAGES.

“What I have said about my hard work, and my very small wages during the first year, may give the impression that I must have been very

unfortunate in my choice of a situation. However, there is this to remember—that I got my experience cheaper than a great many folks do. I have known many men to go into a new country, and start farming without any local knowledge or experience, with the result that they lost their money, or at least a good part of it. In my case I got the experience all right, and I did not have any money to lose.

“I had been in Canada for five years before I considered that I could start on a homestead of my own. I would not advise anyone, even with Canadian experience, to start without sufficient capital, although experience is a great deal more valuable in taking up a homestead than capital is. If a man has money and no experience, he will very likely make a failure of it.

“My idea is that if a homesteader has enough money to buy three cows and a flock of chickens, he could make them pay for his groceries; but it is practically impossible for a bachelor who is situated on a lonely homestead—and, of course, nearly every homestead is lonely—to look after livestock at all. He cannot spare the time, as it is frequently necessary to take journeys to town or into the bush, so that he really cannot keep cows and other livestock, if he has not got someone to look after them in his absence. My boss was a bachelor, but his mother lived with him, and she used to look after the cows and chickens. When the old lady died, the coyotes used to come into the

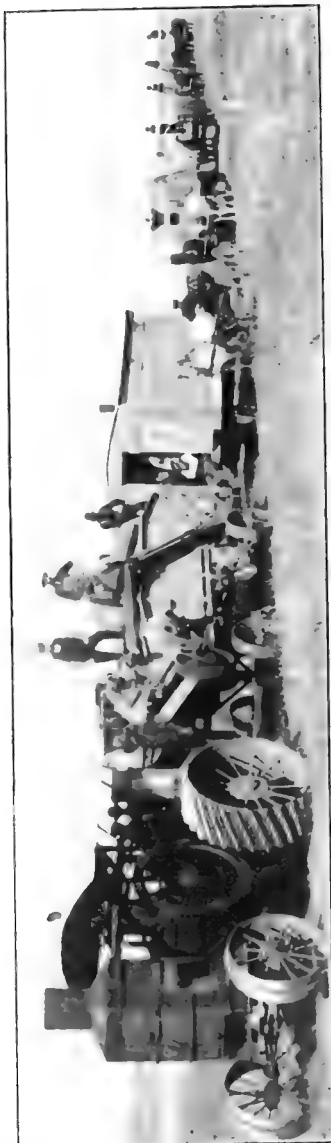


Photo: Canadian National Railways]

A THRESHING OUTFIT

The Western farmer has no need to buy his own thresher. These outfits, with two horse, wagon and crew, compact, travel from place to place for hire. They work expeditiously and thoroughly.



Photo: Canadian National Railways]

AN OUTFIT AT WORK

When the crop is cut, the sheaves are borne to a thresher which comes right on to the field. The grain is shot loose into the "grain tank" (the wagon seen under the spout) and carried direct to the local elevator or to the railway station. The straw is blown through the spout into huge heaps, as shown above.

yard and steal the chickens, and before very long we had none left.

"I had my eye on a homestead not very far from my employer's place, and decided to secure it. The first thing I did was to go into the bush, and cut logs for my house. I built it practically by myself. After this was built, I dug out a great deal of alkaline mud from one of the sloughs, and filled in all the chinks between the logs, and plastered it neatly. I worked for my boss during the summer, and in the winter I went to live on my homestead.

"In the spring I borrowed some of my employer's horses and implements, the understanding being that I would pay for the loan with my labour. I broke forty acres that summer, and by the fall had it all ready for sowing the next spring.

"I stayed on my homestead that winter again, and in the spring my employer and myself seeded my forty acres in about two days. Then I went to work for him all the summer.

"In the autumn my boss cut some of his own grain first, then he came over and cut mine, while I did the stooking. It was a pretty good crop, and I had thirty bushels an acre from my forty acres.

"For several years I worked after that fashion for this same employer, but, of course, I stayed on my homestead for six months each winter, until I had qualified for my patent, which I obtained about a year ago.

"It has been a hard life up to the present, but as the one hundred and sixty acres are my own, and they are certainly worth six pounds an acre, I know I have much more to show for the years I have spent farming than I would have had at the end of a similar period at my old job in England. I am getting married next month, and, when I have a wife to look after the house, life will be a great deal pleasanter at the homestead, and I am sure that I shall make better progress. My experience convinces me that a man can make a bare living on a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres, but if he is to make money he ought to have half a section. He could easily manage half a section by himself in the winter, but he would require some help in the summer, or at least in seed-time and harvest. I am not sorry that I left the organ factory. I know that if I was there to-day I would be no better off than I was ten years ago.

"I have put in a lot of hard work on my land. In the summer I may say that I work from six in the morning till nine at night. It is a very healthy life. The winters are undoubtedly very cold, and the climate is changeable. I have known the temperature to fall sixty degrees within twenty-four hours. In the height of the summer I have known it to touch 100 degrees in the shade.

"I have known a good many other fellows from England who knew nothing about farming when they came to Canada, but who have got on all right.

I have now got two horses as well as all the implements I require, including a binder. I would say that any young fellow who is strong and healthy, and not afraid of hard work, will ultimately get on top if he sticks to it. But he must be prepared for hard work and discouragements, and must not run away because of one bad year."

CHAPTER VII

Home Life in Canada—A Nation of Home Owners—
Philosophy of Town Lots—"Shack Town" becomes
"Earls court"—In Praise of Shack Dwellers—A
Sociable People—Conveniences of Canadian Homes.

WHEN I come to write on the subject of Canadian home life, my heart warms, because I am instantly reminded of friendships and happy times associated with my own home life in Canada. The Englishman's love of home is proverbial, but my observation leads me to think that the Canadian's affections are more passionately centred in his own home than is the case with any European race. A Canadian never speaks of his house. In England one says that he has a "nice house"; the Canadian, describing the same thing, would say that he has a "dandy home."

There is one fundamental difference between home life in Canada and in England, which should be noted at the outset, as it affects the matter very profoundly. In England nearly everyone pays house rent; in Canada the great majority own their own houses. Indeed—and I must own to having the feeling myself—if one meets anyone in Canada who lives in a house, as distinct from a modern city apartment, or "maisonette" (which one cannot

very well buy), and who pays rent, you feel that he is lacking in enterprise.

MAMMIE'S MORAL.

The man who pays rent year after year reminds the wide-awake Canadian of a story of a coloured woman and a merry-go-round :

" Naw, suh, I don't ride on none of dem things," said the coloured woman about the merry-go-round. " Why, I've seen some of these fool niggers git on that thing, and ride as much as a dollar's wuth, and git off at the very same place they gits on at ; and I says to 'em, ' Now you spent yo' money, nigger, where you been ? ' "

One of the most interesting things about this Canadian ambition to own a home is that it is by no means confined to the native-born or the well-to-do. The newly-arrived immigrant from the Old Country, who has paid house-rent all his life, no sooner begins to breathe the freer air of Canada, and become accustomed to his new surroundings, than he is as keen on owning his own " lot," and securing a home of his very own, as anyone. The home-owning instinct of the Canadians is infectious, and the newcomer fortunately has many disinterested acquaintances amongst his fellow-workers and others to " put him wise " regarding how to go about it.

The first thing he does, if he has only a few dollars saved, is to buy a " lot " (as Canadians call their building plots) in some section outside the

city limits. Perhaps he buys a twenty-five foot lot for three hundred dollars, paying fifty dollars down, and undertaking to pay five dollars or more each month until the whole is paid for. Anyone can buy a piece of freehold land on which to build his house on the outskirts of any Canadian city. He has a wide choice of lots, cheaper or dearer according to the distance of the site from the street-cars, and so forth.

Once he has made his first payment, the prospective house-builder can take possession of his lot, and erect on it any kind of a shack or cottage he likes. Being outside the city limits, he is not harassed by building by-laws, and one must confess that some of these builders do not make a very workmanlike job of their house-building from the structural point of view.

Let me recall a Sunday morning walk, on the outskirts of Regina, so that my readers may obtain some acquaintance with the shack-dwellers, who are in a very real sense the advance guard of a greater Regina, a greater Winnipeg, or a greater Toronto, as the case may be.

Silhouetted against a sky of cloudless azure, towered the mighty dome of Saskatchewan's Parliament Buildings. The bulk of the beautifully proportioned pile filled the whole perspective of the mile-long street down which I was looking. As far as the eye could reach on either hand, were parallel streets of uniformly high-class, beautiful homes. Truly a noble prospect, and a convincing

proof, if proof were needed, of the substantial nature of the prosperity of the West, and the solid foundation upon which it is built.

An hour later I looked again at the same mighty dome from a different angle. I was standing probably at the same distance as in my earlier view, but this time in place of the long street of beautiful residences, there was nothing between me and the lordly pile except the sun-kissed prairie. Nothing, that is, except an occasional shack or small bungalow.

Humble indeed are these shacks, roughly constructed and painfully plain in all their appointments. Yet to me these shacks have a mighty significance. I cast my mind back to the time, not so long ago, when the sites now occupied by the business blocks were dotted with just such shacks as these.

After a similar fashion these unpainted little homes are without a doubt the forerunners of avenue upon avenue, street upon street, of beautiful residences, which before many years have passed, will line all the faintly-defined tracks that look so clear and straight on the map, but which as yet can only be located by reference to one or other of these widely scattered shack-dwellers.

These sturdy fellows are quite conventional in appearance. They follow varied yet commonplace occupations for the most part, yet possess the true spirit of the early pioneers, who pushed ahead with their prairie schooners, and blazed the trail of

civilisation and commerce on the great Western plains. They, too, are seeking homes within their means—they have their own sweet dreams of domesticity.

THE SHACK DWELLER'S DREAMS.

The first one I came across was putting the finishing touches to a three-roomed frame house with a large concrete cellar, which he had built with little or no help.

"Canada is the best place in the world for the worker," he told me. "I have a house and lot which are my own property ; and I am going to the Old Country next month to get married, and after a three months' holiday, to bring my wife back here. There are plenty more like me ; in fact, I do not see how any man who is able to work can fail to succeed in Canada."

In the next block I came across another Englishman who was doing the chores around the yard. He also had come to Canada with nothing. When I saw him he had several cows, that picked up the bulk of their living for nothing on the prairie around his lot. "Would I come in and see his garden ? "

I went, and never outside an horticultural show had I seen more excellent carrots, turnips, and cabbages. Currants ? Why, those few bushes had grown enough to provide that settler's wife with fruit for canning fifty quarts, besides many a pie.

" Could they get you back to the Old Country ? " I asked him. " No, siree," he laughed. " I could not be dragged out of Canada with a logging chain ! "

He loved the prairie, he told me, and he walked every day to his work right in the heart of the city.

A man who was feeding his chickens told another striking story of success. Since he landed in Canada, he had never been idle a day. He was getting together a most comfortable home, and off his lot he had sold that season quite £10 worth of vegetables, besides providing his own family with all their requirements in this direction. He was also a great believer in the prospect of chicken raising, and was very proud of the fact that from three sittings of eggs he had reared to maturity thirty-two chickens.

All honour to these thrifty artisans, whose little shacks represent the advance guard of our Canadian cities. Street by street the cities are pushing outwards from the centre, street after street of beautiful homes. In after years the shack dwellers will be overtaken. The lots in which they invested their little savings will have increased in value, probably many times ; and if the success which their thrift and faith entitle them to should come, as undoubtedly it will, they will exchange their little shack for one of the more pretentious and beautiful homes which are such a feature of districts, now within the city limits, but which

were favourite localities with the shack dwellers in the past.

A LOVELY SUBURB.

One of the best places in Canada to see the possibilities of the country exemplified by home-building is at Earls court, one of the suburbs of Toronto. I suppose it must be fifteen years since I first knew Earls court. At that time it was something of a joke in Toronto, and my own brother-in-law took me there during a Sunday morning walk, promising me that I would see one of the curiosities of Canada. He did not exaggerate. A more unsightly and grotesque suburb than it then appeared it would be impossible to imagine. Shacks and sheds of wood, and felt, and building paper, of all shapes and sizes; roads without side-walks, unfenced lots—litter and rubbish everywhere—such a bizarre town was surely never seen before. There were, however, despite these unlovely features, none of the squalor and degradation which can be seen in the poorer quarters of every English city. The people, if they were poor, had a thrifty, honest look. And when one came to know the inner life of this "Shack-town," as it was then called, admiration took the place of thoughtless ridicule. There is usually a lot under the surface in human affairs.

The inhabitants of Earls court, as one might guess from the name, were, and are, for the most

part of English birth. About fifteen years ago land could be bought there at about 24s. to 28s. a foot frontage ; so that a building plot of even thirty-six feet frontage did not cost very much. All that was then required to buy one of these lots was £2 down, and £1 a month. As soon as the first payment was made, the owner could proceed to build himself a house of any kind he liked, and thus save his rent. Every dollar he spent on his house was like putting money in the bank—he was improving his own property. The people who went there in greatest numbers were poor Englishmen of the labouring class, generally married men, who had not long been in Canada. Most of them had their wives and families with them, and usually were men who had arrived in Canada practically “ broke,” or with only a pound or two in their possession.

The houses they first put up for themselves were generally of a very unsubstantial character, and many of them were erected by their owners quite unaided by any carpenter or joiner. Often two men would work together, one helping the other to erect his house, until both had been provided for. They worked early and late. Many a night when I have been in bed I have heard some amateur house-builder still hammering away. The courage, perseverance, and, above all, the self-denial of these men and women is beyond all praise. The women especially are just wonderful. It can be easily imagined that such houses in their most primitive form have nothing in them to lighten a mother's

work ; but the ambition to possess their own little home sustained them through every discomfort. These women could see beyond the shack ; they could see the brick-veneered house that would replace it on the same site before many years, if they only " kept on as they were going."

Twelve years after my first visit, I purposely walked all over Earlsclourt again. I wanted to see once more the wonderful transformation which has taken place in that district, especially in the part nearest St. Clair Avenue, which is now within the city limits, and to conjure up in my mind the place as I once knew it. To-day one finds concrete sidewalks, fine brick residences, good shops, churches and reading rooms, splendid schools, a prosperous looking population, still, many of them, speaking with a Cockney accent—and not a single public-house ! Bravo ! Earlsclourt pioneers ! I wonder if any of you ever wish yourselves back in that second-floor back room in Camden Town or Lambeth ?

I hate to hear a word spoken in disparagement of these shack-dwellers. I like them, because I know them. I myself was one of them. It is, of course, absurd to judge these working people by their architecture ! True, the man who lives in a palatial twenty-thousand dollar house is assessed largely by *his* architecture. But he did not build his lovely house with his own hands. The shack is just a makeshift, the initial experiment in house-building and house-owning, and, except in the case of the

most unfortunate, or the hopelessly shiftless, it develops in time into a modern house with every improvement.

CONTRASTS.

Circumstances have enabled me during a varied life to see a good deal below the surface of modern industrial life. The wretchedness of lodging-house London, as George Gissing experienced it, is as familiar to me as my own desk. So is the life of the English worker living with his family in two London rooms, often in only one ; his life in those endless roads of tiny houses and flats in the outer suburbs ; as well as the life of the colliery village. I have seen beneath the surface of the humble, obscure, and often hopeless lives of the labouring people. And, with these conditions in mind, I say advisedly that Canada has nothing which adds brighter lustre to her greatness, nothing that so exalts her among the nations of the earth, nothing which, to my mind, so stabilises and guarantees her mighty destiny, than the fact that Canada is the land *par excellence* of the house-builder and the house-owner, rather than a land of renters and rack-renters, slum landlords and rent-collectors.

My own home in Toronto was on the borders of Earls court, just outside the city limits. Most of the men with whom I travelled in the crowded street cars to " The Junction " (everyone in West Toronto knows that draughty corner) owned their houses.

Just where we lived many of the shacks had emerged from the primitive stage, and been replaced by permanent houses, some of them worth £800 ; others were in course of transformation. Practically all our neighbours had come from the Old Country. I have lived in London suburbs where I did not know the name of the neighbours two doors off ; but in that Toronto suburb I came to know nearly everyone, and some I did not know knew me ! There is a friendliness and sociability about Canadian life that is quite refreshing.

One of our neighbours was a delightful woman, who was Canadian-born, although her parents had hailed from Tunbridge Wells.

" My ! but I'd love to see the Old Country," she would exclaim, after listening to some of us exchanging reminiscences of Hampstead Heath, or Margate. " But only for a trip—not to stay there," she would hasten to explain. " Fancy ! only one solitary fire in one room in the whole house in winter, and unheated bedrooms ! Oh, gee ! Canada for mine ! "

THE MAGIC BUTTON.

The average Canadian house is far better fitted, and contains many more conveniences than the typical forty or fifty pounds a year house in England. First and foremost among these conveniences is cheap electricity. Shacks in our district that were little better than cow-sheds (in fact, many cowsheds as

well) had electric light. The cheapness of electricity in Ontario was always a source of surprise to us. Our average bill was seventy-five cents, or three shillings, a month. We had a light on the porch or verandah, one in the kitchen, two in the dining-room, two in the parlour, one in each bedroom, and one in the cellar. My wife also did all her ironing with an electric iron, which could be attached to any light-socket in the house, and we had an electric toaster. Everyone who can get it uses electricity, even on the farms. I know of one farm, typical of many others, where water is pumped to the house and barn by electric power ; a separator, churn, and washing machine are operated in the same way, and in the house there is an electric range ; ironing is done electrically, a vacuum cleaner is operated in the same way, and there is a fan to cool the rooms, with lights all over the house and farm buildings in addition. The most remarkable feature is the low cost at which all these conveniences are obtained. The highest monthly bill in one year was a trifle over 24s., with the general run about £1. But then the rate was only three cents per kilo an hour.

Another convenience which is far more general in Canadian houses than in England is the telephone. In Regina we gave all our orders to tradesmen over the 'phone ; indeed, I have often been greatly amused to hear a little girl who lived with us discussing over the 'phone questions in her home lessons with a school friend in another part of the city ! It is a very common habit in Canada to ring up the Exchange

and ask for the correct time. Again, if one is going to meet a friend coming by train, or wishes to travel on some through train, you always ring up the enquiry office at the station to find out if the train is on time before leaving the house. I remember once arranging to board an east-bound train in a western city. It was due at 5 a.m., and the kind friend in whose house I was staying had insisted that he would get up and give me breakfast before starting out. He also undertook to wake me up in time. About 4.15 a.m. this good fellow rose and rang up the railway people, and, when he woke me up a little later, I found him standing by my bed in his pyjamas with a cup of tea for me, and with the comforting news (it being below zero outside) that I could go to sleep again, as the train was running three hours behind time.

I might as well finish with this particular train before I proceed. Well, we crossed Canada through a succession of snow-storms, and at every divisional point we fell further and further behind our schedule. However, we passengers didn't worry any; the "eats" in the dining car, and the beds in the sleeper, were as good as in any hotel, and the train, like all Canadian trains, was as warm as toast inside. When, on the day of my expected arrival, my wife rang up the station people, before coming down to meet me, she was astonished on being told that "yesterday's train" was not in yet!

I arrived at length, quite merry and bright, thirty-six hours late!

Amongst the minor conveniences of Canadian houses which save a woman work should be noted the "hardwood floors" and the nickel fittings on all taps. These oak floors are regarded as absolute necessities in every modern house. They obviate the necessity of laying down linoleum, and can be cleaned and polished with a mop. English housewives who have had brass taps over their sinks, wash-basins, and bath, appreciate the nickel fittings of a Canadian house, which shine like silver, and never get dirty.

CENTRAL HEATING.

But the glory of a Canadian house is, of course, its central heating arrangements. In the basement of the house stands the furnace. Close by, also in the cellar, is the coal bin. Hard coal, or anthracite, is the only fuel used. This is practically smokeless, and burns slowly, and is altogether different from the coal in ordinary use in England. The furnace is supposed never to go out during the winter. The ashes are shaken out and removed in the morning, more coal shovelled in, and this should last till the evening. Before going to bed at night, the Canadian householder invariably looks well to his furnace. Ashes are shaken out, and more coal put in. One soon gets to know how the fire should look when it is just right. From this one furnace the entire house is heated, and every room is kept at the same temperature. The method of heating is by hot water, or more generally, by warm air, which ascends from

the outer jacket of the furnace through pipes about eight inches wide to the various rooms, into which it passes through ornamental gratings about a foot square in or near the floor. The luxury of having the bedroom and the bathroom equally as warm as the sitting-room is regarded as a commonplace in Canada. How different in an English house in winter-time! No grates to clean up every morning, either.

When the winter is over, the furnace is discarded until the late autumn again. Many of the modern houses have also an open fire in the sitting-room, as an additional luxury, but more to look at than for heating purposes. Canadians aim to keep their houses at a uniform heat of about seventy degrees, which I generally find on the warm side. Cooking is mostly done with gas, although some houses have a coal cook-stove in the kitchen.

In the smaller cottages, bungalows, and shacks, the heating arrangements generally consist of a "heater" in the sitting-room, and the customary very efficient Canadian cook-stove. There is a world of difference between a Canadian cook-stove and a coal-devouring English kitchen range. To begin with, hard coal is used in Canada in the cook-stove and in the heater. This gives great heat, an immediate response to draught if it is burning low, and slow combustion. The heater is a closed stove, ornamented usually with nickel fittings, and it has a mica door through which one "sees the fire," which is a distinct desideratum with Old Country folk. The cook-stove, instead of being built immediately

under the chimney like a kitchen range, so that fifty per cent. of the heat goes instantly up the flue, stands out from the wall on short legs. It is made of steel or cast iron, has a flat top with plenty of heating surface, and the smoke is taken to the chimney through the stove pipe. Stove pipes are a great institution in Canada. They can be bought in short lengths at any country store, and nearly every Canadian man can recall fearful lapses into profanity while putting them together! With the aid of several lengths of stove pipe telescoped into each other, the Canadian working-man who has no furnace can convey heat, either from his cook stove or his heater, right through his bedroom, and so into the chimney. In winter-time any heater or stove, if well looked after, will keep alight continuously. One gets up in the morning in hard winter weather, turns the damper to create more draught, shakes out the ashes, and in five minutes there is a red-hot spot on the top of the stove, and the kettle is boiling.

The warmth of the Canadian house is further ensured by storm (or double) doors, and storm windows. It is such sensible preparations for the winter that ensures invariable coziness inside, no matter how cold the weather may be outside.

" ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES."

I have already mentioned the cellar as a feature of the Canadian home. This is a most useful adjunct to the house organisation, and, in fact, an indispensable

one. The walls are generally of concrete, and form the foundation of the house walls. Thus it covers the whole of the area occupied by the house, and furnishes room for a variety of purposes. Here, as I have already said, are the furnace and the stock of coal. Being lit by electricity, and always warm in winter, the cellar is an ideal workshop for the handyman of the household. There are always two or more double windows. In one corner are usually fixed the laundry tubs, deep wooden sinks, with a water supply over them. Sometimes there is a rain-water cistern with a tap. Here, too, the housewife keeps her winter supply of potatoes, and other vegetables. In summer it is the coolest place in the house, so she generally has a larder there, especially if she cannot easily obtain ice. The cellar being almost entirely under the ground level, and the floor quite four feet under the outside surface, it is possible to bring the water supply pipes into the house without any danger of freezing. I have never known water pipes to freeze in a Canadian house. To the householder in the Old Country this may sound incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact.

The "porch," or verandah, is another indispensable feature of a Canadian house. On a summer evening everyone resorts to the porch after tea, generally to rock lazily in a rocking-chair, and it is a very pleasant and homely scene, on walking down a suburban street, to see the happy family groups, the girls in bright summer dresses, and the men in

their shirt sleeves, chatting and lounging on their
• verandahs.

Practically all the best streets in Canadian residential districts are delightfully tree-lined, and in Ottawa and Toronto particularly the avenues of maples are very fine indeed. There are usually no fences or hedges to divide the front lawns or gardens from the side-walk, and this undoubtedly gives an air of spaciousness to the best streets, and practically puts one on his honour to keep his front lawn as smooth and green as his neighbour's.

To be able to call itself "a city of fine homes" is an ambition common to all the great cities of Canada. One never hears of any big city in the British Isles, seeking to distinguish itself as a city of fine homes! Therein, I consider, lies one of the most notable differences between Canada and the Old Country.

CHAPTER VIII

New Ways in a New Land—Peaches, Ice-cream and Pasteurised Milk—Meal and Tram Tickets Wholesale—"Rubbers," Fly Screens and Chinese Laundries—The Shoe-Shine Parlour—Pea-Nuts—Sports in Summer and Winter—Gardens—Poultry—Departmental Stores—What to Wear—Is Canada Cold?—Weather Vagaries.

ONE very satisfactory feature of life in Canada is the abundance of good living which is within the reach of ordinary people. When I am in England I very often find myself regretting the things I am deprived of here. For example, how many of the workers in England have ever tasted a ripe peach? The peach is the commonest fruit of a Canadian summer, and the working man thinks nothing of taking home a basketful on his way from work. Peaches cannot be grown everywhere in Canada, but in Ontario and British Columbia they are grown to perfection, and in the height of summer tens of thousands of baskets of this most delicious fruit are sent to the prairies, while in every fruit store in the country they constitute the "best seller" during their season. Nothing looks better, smells better, or tastes better than a big ripe Canadian peach, so full of honeyed juice that it will run down to your elbow if you are not careful! In Canada the finest West Indian bananas and Florida oranges are also within the reach of all.

Again, where in England can you get ice-cream made from real cream? In Canada they would scorn to make it of anything else. Ice-cream is a national institution in the Dominion—on sale in every city all the year round. There are few establishments in England at all comparable to the Canadian drug-store with its soda-fountain, where ice-creams, ice-cream sodas, and sundaes, in fifty or more bewildering varieties, are sold and consumed by grown men as well as girls, who may be seen perched on high stools ranged along the marble counter at every hour of the day, and right on into the night! Writing about drug-stores, reminds me that it is to the Canadian drug-store that you go for the choicest chocolates and “candies,” of a quality not generally obtainable in England. In a city like Toronto ice-cream factories, six storeys in height, and of the most hygienic construction, exist to supply the popular demand, and fleets of great two-horse vans are used for delivering the cream to the retailers.

BOTTLED MILK.

No better bread and milk are obtainable in the world. In Canadian cities the supply of Pasteurised milk in bottles is a commonplace. The handling of this vital public service in the slovenly and dirty way which so often characterises the retailing of milk in some other countries would never be tolerated for a day in Canada. There are no milk cans used in the Canadian retail trade, and such a

thing as a milk shop in the poorer quarters of the town, where milk is doled out in pennyworths from an open bowl on the counter, into which the dust of the street blows without let or hindrance, is fortunately unknown in Canada.

Everyone is familiar with the way the British working men, such as platelayers and road-repairers for example, sit down beside their work, and eat their breakfast or their lunch in the open air. In summer it is a common sight to see a gang of Canadian workmen taking their ease in the same fashion, but it always struck me as quaint to see that many of them had a bottle of Pasteurised milk standing on the ground beside their dinner pail. The Canadian working man works, not on beer, but on tea and milk. This is one of the new ways of the new land—tea at every meal, including dinner. I might add that when you ask for milk in a decent restaurant, they bring you a sealed half-pint bottle of Pasteurised milk—the Canadian, accustomed as he is to pure food, would probably be suspicious of its wholesomeness if it were brought to him in a tumbler.

When we were living in the suburbs of Toronto the milk-man used to deliver our milk at 4.30 a.m. in the hot weather—the idea being that the milk cart would be back in the stable, and the milkman's day's work finished, before the heat of the day. The milkman and the baker's man facilitate a cash trade by a system of milk and bread tickets—so many for a dollar. All you have to do in the case of the milkman is to tear off a division of your ticket,



Photo: Canadian Pacific Railway.

A COOKERY CLASS IN SASKATCHEWAN

The Dominion and Provincial Governments of Canada realise that men will not stay on the land if their women-folk are not happy and efficient. Here is a cookery class at the Agricultural College, near Saskatoon, where prospective wives are taught the first of all the Arts.



Photo: Canadian Pacific Railway]

A PRAIRIE SCHOOL

Judging by the healthy look of these youngsters, there is nothing wrong with life on the prairie from the children's point of view. Dr. C. W. Saleeby, the famous eugenist, claims, indeed, that Western Canadian children are the healthiest in the world. Note the up-to-date equipment and the Canadian flag.

put it in the empty bottle, and leave it in the porch, When the man calls, he takes the empty bottle and the ticket, and leaves another bottle, a pint or a quart as the case may be. I never yet took in the morning's milk without finding an inch and a half of cream showing itself in the neck of the bottle. It is rather funny in hard winter weather to find your morning milk frozen, and the cardboard seal pushed up half an inch or so above the top of the milk.

You can buy five dollars' worth of "meal tickets" in many restaurants, and tram tickets are also sold by the wholesale in Canada—so many for a dollar. When the conductor comes round the car to collect tickets, or if he stands at the door and collects as you enter, you do not hand him the ticket or the money, but push it into his box, through a slit in the top. If you want to change on to another car going in another direction, you ask for a "transfer" when you enter the first car. The original fare will thus take you to almost any point of the city. In a place like Toronto, this is a consideration, and one that the passengers take full advantage of. All the street cars in Toronto, as well as the whole electric light service, and similar services in scores of other towns and cities, are run with power generated by Niagara Falls. The immensely valuable water powers of Ontario are the property of the whole people, and are administered on their behalf by a Government Commission, which sells the power and light at cost to the municipalities.

The Canadian has adopted many habits and ideas for his own comfort and convenience, which the newcomer from England is quick to appreciate and adopt as soon as he "gets wise" to Canadian ways. For instance, every Canadian wears "rubbers," or goloshes, in the winter-time. He never goes out without putting them on, and he pulls them off when he takes off his hat on arriving home or at his office. No wet feet for him. What a gain it would be to the public health if rubbers were universally worn in England during its wet winters. The Canadian, of course, is not only thinking of wet when he puts on his rubbers; they keep his feet warm, and they enable him to walk with confidence on the trodden snow on the sidewalks.

SCREEN DOORS.

A summer-time idea which is also quite novel to the Englishman is the provision of screen doors which open and shut like an ordinary door. These screens are fixed to all outside doors, and they effectively keep the flies outside, even when the ordinary door is left wide open, as it often is, especially the back door.

Hardwood floors are, as I have mentioned, the rule in every modern house, and the Canadian housewife's kitchen furniture is purposely designed to save work and steps. What, for example, could be more ingenious, hygienic, and tidy than the "kitchen cabinet" found in nearly every Canadian house? Here the housewife keeps her groceries,

her pots and pans and tins and condiments, all so easily within reach that I have often seen a woman mix and make ready for the oven a batch of pies or cakes without rising from the stool on which she sat beside her kitchen cabinet. The Canadian house-keeper is always an astonishment to me. Her tidiness, briskness, and all-round competence are wonderful. I have known Canadian mothers with four or five children, who kept a big eight-roomed house spotless without a maid, and yet turned out smartly dressed in the afternoon, and managed to lead a social life. It is, of course, only the adoption of labour saving devices, such as hardwood floors, electric irons, washing-machines, and the other helpful ideas so familiar to those who have lived in Canadian houses, that enables the up-to-date housewife to cut up the drudgery. The blue-flame oil cooking stove is a wonderful boon in the kitchen, especially in summer-time.

Chinese laundries, as well as Chinese restaurants, are found in most Canadian cities, and although I have never had the desire to investigate their recesses, I must say that Joe Sing and Sam Lee treated my collars more kindly than my English laundress does. Of course, in the big cities there are many big modern laundries, not run by the reticent but obliging Chinaman, but by limited liability companies, and you can have your household laundry collected in the ordinary way, and sent home "rough dried" or properly finished, whichever you prefer.

Another business quite peculiar to Canada and the United States is the shoe-shine shops, which are as plentiful as pool-rooms. Here you sit on a high, sumptuously-upholstered armchair while a shoe-shine "artist" applies a dazzling polish to your boots, then buries the polish beneath another layer of blacking, and goes through the same process again and again, finally finishing off with velvet. At these shops too, one can get his straw hat cleaned or his soft hat re-blocked. Of a similar character are the numerous little repairing tailors' stores, which are regularly resorted to by the smart young men who feel neither happy nor well-groomed unless there is a very distinct crease down the centre of each trouser-leg.

Roasted pea nuts are as much in demand in Canada as roasted chestnuts in the streets of London. The Londoner who is considering the question of emigration will, I hope, be reassured when I tell him that his favourite supper of "fried fish and chips" is readily obtainable in Canadian cities. Going home late in a Toronto street car you are almost certain to sniff the familiar and appetising smell, and a glance down the car will generally enable you to spot the tell-tale paper parcel in the lap of a prosperous-looking woman whose voice is reminiscent of the Old Kent Road.

A NATION OF SPORTSMEN.

The Canadian is a great lover of sport. Baseball is the national game, and I must say it is a far more

exciting spectacle than first league football is nowadays. The crowds who attend the baseball matches in Canada are just as vociferous and excitable as the crowds who watch professional football in England. Baseball, however, is played in summer and there are always more ladies in the stands at a baseball match than is the case at an Old Country football ground. Cricket and football are played in Canada, but the great winter sport is hockey played on skates on the ice of indoor rinks. Hockey, as played in Canada, is a great game from the spectator's point of view, and it beats horse-racing as regards the enthusiasm with which the game is followed in the press. Famous baseball and hockey players are in Canada regarded as national heroes, possessing a genius not a whit inferior to that possessed by the great footballers, whose names are household words among followers of that sport in England.

The stay-at-home Englishman must be pardoned, I suppose, for his inability to understand the Canadian's enthusiasm for winter sports. He thinks there is no place like the cosy smoking room of his club, or his domestic hearth, when the snow is on the ground. Yet I am sure there are very few Canadians who would exchange the sunshine and blue skies and glittering snow of Canada for the chill and fog and mud and slush of a typical English winter. Even on the commercial plane, is not the snow one of the basic factors of successful lumbering in Canada? See the enormous load of logs which

a pair of horses can pull over the ice and snow on a sleigh, and think what it would involve to drag such a load through the muskegs, mud, and moss of a forest where frost was unknown.

In winter all the wheels are taken off the vehicles, even the perambulators, and runners are substituted, except in the case of trains, trolley cars, and motors, and all ordinary road traffic is done with sleighs, big and little. The tinkle of the sleigh bells is one of the sweetest and most homely sounds on earth. And what exhilaration is experienced when, wrapped up in furs, and behind a good horse, one skims over the hard ringing surface of a snowy country road! All the Canadian youngsters, and youths and maidens as well, go tobogganing on the snowy slopes of the hillsides in winter time. There was a nice slope near our house on the outskirts of Toronto, and I have seen small children tobogganing there when I was going off to work in the morning, and I have still heard their laughter and happy shouts under the full moon after I was in bed at night.

Skating on the ice of indoor rinks is another very popular sport, and you hear young people asking each other, "Will you be at the rink to-night?" in much the same way as English girls make appointments to meet at the cinema. In the various offices where I have worked, the girls on the staff habitually brought their tennis rackets and shoes with them in summer-time, and their skates in the winter, in readiness for the evening's pleasure.

In Canada both men and girls always have their skates securely screwed to the boots they use for skating. They would never think of attaching them to their ordinary walking boots when they arrived at the ice, as is the custom in England. For tobogganing and sleighing there is nothing so suitable and comfortable as moccasins, which are boots without heels, the soles and the uppers alike being made of soft pliable leather. I saw some ice yachting at Toronto, the vessel being on runners, and the big sail driving it along at a tremendous speed.

AMPHIBIOUS CANADIANS.

In summer the Canadians are great lovers of the water, and canoeing, sailing and rowing are everywhere popular. No holiday is considered worth while unless there are unlimited facilities for boating. Everyone can row or paddle, and parties often go on a canoe trip for weeks on end. Hunting and fishing are within the reach of most people, and I have known sportsmen living in the cities who have gone on a hunting trip in the Northern woods every fall for fifty years, without one miss.

I had never handled a gun before going to Saskatchewan, but one lovely October day I accompanied some friends on a hunting expedition. We were after wild duck. When we reached my friends' farm, which was in a broken country containing many small ponds and lakes, I was given a gun

and a pocketful of cartridges like the rest. A brief explanation as to how to load the gun, and off we tramped through the long dry grass, which I remember was a veritable jungle of golden rod. When another greenhorn had fired his gun accidentally within a yard or so of my hindquarters, I decided it would be safer to hunt on my own, so I left the others. Turning to the left, I saw the glitter of water in the distance, and I quietly made my way in that direction. When I got within range, I crept along still more stealthily, and at last reached the reeds. Raising my head, I could see the water, on which, to my great surprise, were swimming quite two hundred wild ducks! They rose in a dense flock. I pointed my gun, and fired both barrels, and about half a dozen ducks fell beside me. When I finally got back to the farm I did not have the biggest bag by any means, but I had enough to show that I had not been idle. The amount of wild ducks which are encountered by Canadian sportsmen just before the freeze-up is almost incredible. I have seen them flying southwards from their northern haunts in countless thousands. Prairie chickens, which are very like partridges, are also in great abundance among the stooks on the prairies. Deer abound in all the northern woods, and great numbers fall to the guns of the sportsmen every autumn. Nearly every woodsman I have met had at some time or other shot a moose, always a memorable event.

Among the things that are different in Canada

one must mention the newspapers. Their size is extraordinary. The popular evening paper in Toronto, which, like those in London, costs two cents, or a penny, consists often of forty-eight pages ! The Sunday papers are even bigger than the evening papers.

I have frequently been asked by Old Country people about Canadian gardens. I am very fond of gardening myself, and my experience in Canada proved that practically everything that grows in an English garden grows equally well, if not better, in Canada. All the usual vegetables are grown—potatoes, carrots, cabbages, cauliflowers, beet, peas, celery, onions, turnips, and so on. Tomatoes ripen in the open air far better than in England. In fact, in Canada hundreds of acres of tomatoes are grown in the open-air in market-gardening districts. Vegetable marrows and pumpkins of various kinds seem to revel in the Canadian climate. I have seen pumpkins weighing sixty-five pounds. Strawberries are an easy crop to grow all over Canada. So are raspberries, which are indigenous to the country, and grow wild in the woods in great abundance. Currants and gooseberries also grow well, and in Ontario anyone can grow the most beautiful grapes in the open air. Indeed, wild grapes grow on the roadsides. This reference to the roadsides, reminds me of one of the features of almost every country road in Eastern Canada. Crab apple trees are just as common in these leafy lanes as are hawthorn trees in England. Anyone who has the mind to do

so, can take a drive into the country in the fall of the year, and bring home wild apples by the sackful.

Poultry do well. There are thousands of backyard poultry keepers in Canada, and some poultry farms run on a commercial scale, while nearly every farmer has a flock of hens. White Leghorns, White Wyandottes, and Plymouth Rocks are the varieties most commonly met with.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is celebrated with great heartiness in Canada. In this connection I might mention a Christmas feature I have never seen anywhere else. One of the great departmental stores, about a month before Christmas, announces in its customary page advertisements in the newspapers that Santa Claus is coming to the town on a certain day. He comes in great state, looking exactly like the Santa Claus of the old-fashioned Christmas Card, and as his procession passes through the streets, the thoroughfares are lined with delighted people. He creates quite as much interest as London's Lord Mayor's Show.

During the next fortnight Santa Claus holds a reception in the Store, and all day long processions of children, accompanied by their mothers, file along before him and tell him what they want for Christmas. He has a re-assuring word for every single kiddie, and I do not suppose many of them are disappointed

when they awake to greet the Christmas morn, and to examine their stockings.

In my opinion the departmental stores of Canada are second to none in the world. I have been in several of the big New York stores, but I saw nothing there better than in Toronto. The typical English store is not in the same class at all. The high-priced goods may be finer in the best of them, but the comfort, the convenience, and the service of the Canadian store wants a lot of beating. If you buy a thing, and don't like it, you can take it back, even a month afterwards, and no trouble is made about giving you back your money. Every large Canadian departmental store has a restaurant, rest-rooms, and a children's room in charge of a nurse, where the kiddies can be left while mother is shopping. The children's playground in one Toronto store has a sandpit, swings, and many other juvenile delights.

Another feature of Canadian life worthy of mention in this connection are the farmers' markets, which are established in every city in Canada. Here on certain days farmers bring their produce, including chickens, butter, eggs, and fruit, and sell direct to the consumer.

My own experience convinces me that living in Canada nowadays costs little more than in England. Meat is cheaper, so is fish. Clothing is dearer in Canada than in England. Anyone who is specially interested in the question of prices should buy a Canadian newspaper in London, and make comparisons for themselves.

The settler who is going to Canada should not load himself or herself up with new English clothing before 'starting. Take anything you have that is good, by all means, but I can assure you that you will not be long in Canada before you will want to dress like your neighbours. If I may give another bit of advice to the emigrant in the matter of clothes, let me urge him, whatever else he takes, not to go to Canada wearing one of these hideous, common-looking cloth caps which one sees in thousands at a football match on a Saturday afternoon! If the new arrival from England knew how cheap he looks in Canada with one of these tweed caps on his head, he would never take one with him. Put your tweed caps in the rag-bag before leaving England, and buy a soft felt hat.

THE NEWCOMER'S WARDROBE.

I have often been amused to see emigrants on the steamer wearing brown leather leggings and cycling knickers, and imagining that they were dressed for their part as farm hands! Such a rig-out is tantamount to landing in Canada carrying a sandwich board bearing the words: "I'm another greenhorn. Just arrived from Lambeth." I have been on hundreds of Canadian farms, but never yet have I seen a Canadian farmer or his hired man wearing brown leather leggings or a "sports suit."

In Canada the workman wears dark blue overalls over his suit at his work, and when he leaves his work he hangs his overalls on a nail, and walks out

looking and feeling as much a gentleman as the next one.

I wear the same winter clothes when in England as I did in Canada—the only difference being that in Canada I wore rubbers over my boots, and a good pair of fur-lined mitts on my hands, also a woollen cardigan jacket under my cloth one, and a woollen muffler. Any additions to his ordinary clothing which a new settler may find necessary after he reaches Canada, he can readily obtain locally, no matter where he is.

WHAT OF THE WINTER ?

It almost invariably happens that the intending emigrant to Canada expresses anxiety concerning the climate, and especially about the winter. “ Is it so *very* cold in Canada ? ” he asks, even when he is so resolved upon going there that you find him asking you this on the steamer, half way across the Atlantic ! Every country has its own climate, and no country that I have ever visited or heard of has an ideal climate. The climate of Canada certainly differs from that of the British Isles, but I would not go the length of saying that either country has the advantage over the other in the matter of climate. Canada is colder than the British Isles in winter, still I doubt very much if the natives of Canada would prefer an English winter to their own. In fact, I have been in Toronto in winter when we were having typical English weather—

muggy and rainy and muddy. Were we glad? Certainly not. Everyone was complaining bitterly, and Canadian-born and British-born alike felt aggrieved because they were not having the cold, dry, frosty, sunny winter they considered themselves entitled to as Canadians.

Where, may I ask, does winter cold cause more discomfort than when going to bed and getting up in the unheated bedrooms of the Old Country? The only place in the average English house where one is comfortably warm in hard winter weather is on the hearth-rug.

This leads me to say that in my opinion the added coldness of the Canadian winter, as compared with England, is counterbalanced by the better heating arrangements in Canadian houses. No one in Canada would think of using a bedroom that was unheated.

It is certainly a fact that Canadians who come over to this country in the winter almost invariably complain that they "can never get warm." The English house, especially the English bedroom, chills them to the marrow. This is not only because of the greater moisture in the air over here, which causes one to feel the cold more, but chiefly because the English house is not nearly so cosy or comfortable as a good Canadian house.

I lived eight miles from my office in Toronto, and travelled there by street car. These street cars, by the way, are heated by means of a coal stove, and very grateful and comforting I found them, especially in the mornings. I hardly ever missed a day

all winter walking a mile down town to lunch. Many and many a day when the thermometer was not much above zero, and the sun shone out of a cloudless blue sky, and the hard snow crunched under my feet on the side-walk, I felt an exhilaration and a happiness which the foggy, mud-bespattered streets of London can never impart.

The last New Year's day I was in Toronto, the thermometer was about ten degrees above Zero, and I went to High Park in West Toronto, to see the people on the toboggan slides. A great crowd of happy young folk were having boisterous fun and fine sport on the steep icy slopes where the sleighs and toboggans, some of them with a crew of eight, flew like the wind for a good half-mile. The winter in Ontario certainly has its compensations. What glowing faces peeping out from fur collars, or bright woollen mufflers ! What merry laughter ! A bright cold day, the sun shining gloriously, and not a cloud visible. How the snow glittered ! How beautiful the pine trees looked, their branches bent with their loads of snow, glittering like a good old-fashioned Christmas card.

There are compensations, as I have said. If the winters are colder, the houses are warmer, and one is spared the mud and the constant rain. I remember over in Regina I went to business every day, and never cleaned my boots from October until March ! The dry clean snow did not dirty them, more especially as one wore rubbers. In Eastern Canada the winter weather is more variable, as in

England. If it is very cold, you know from experience that there will be a change to milder weather within a few days. There was one year, 1912, when they had a green Christmas in Toronto. Boats were rowing about the harbour, and on Christmas day people were playing golf on the Sunnyside golf course, near which I afterwards lived.

The weather in summer varies in a similar way. Turning to my diary for 1918 I find the following entries regarding the hottest day I ever experienced in Canada :

August 12th.—Lovely weather. Highest temp. 88 , lowest 62.

August 13th.—First tomato ripe in the garden. Have taken up all the potatoes Fair crop. The weather grew hotter as the day advanced, and everyone worked in the office with coat and vest off, and the electric fan going. When I bought the evening paper I found that the highest temperature during the past twenty-four hours had been 102 ; lowest 69. This is the hottest day this year, but one does not suffer in any way. Taking it easy, sitting on the porch with very little on, and a dish of ice-cream handy, goes a long way towards ensuring comfort !

August 14th.—It was about 80 at bed-time last night, but I slept very soundly. Always when it is exceptionally hot we get cool nights and a thunder storm The newspaper this morning says : " Toronto experienced its hottest day in the last seven years yesterday, when the mercury rose to 102 degrees. Not since July 3rd, 1911, when the mercury rose to the same height, has Toronto been so hot. Indeed, so rare is it for the mercury to reach the hundred mark, that in the last seventy years, the weatherman stated, all such occasions could be counted on the fingers of one hand." To-day is a

delightfully cool, sunny day. Highest 83 ; lowest 66
That is one thing about the weather in Canada , one is certain there will be a change soon. The change from yesterday is a good example of the striking way the weather re-acts after extremes in this country.

August 15th —Cool and sunny. Last night, instead of sleeping above the sheets, I slept under two blankets, and in the night got up to find the eider-down ! It was 56 degrees and bright sunshine at 7 15 this morning. The highest temperature to-day was 85, the lowest 56. A number of beautiful wild canaries are eating the seeds of the cornflowers in our garden. Lovely aurora borealis to-night.

August 16th —Temperature 54 degrees when I went out this morning. Lovely cool, sunny weather

These extracts from my diary should help to re-assure those who, having heard that it is hot in Canada in the height of summer, may think that it is *always* hot.

CHAPTER IX

Rural Life—"God's Great Out-of-Doors"—Delights for
Nature Lovers—A Herdsman's Story—An Ideal
Holiday—Insect and Animal Life

ALTHOUGH I do not pretend to be a naturalist in a scientific sense, I have always been a passionate lover of Nature, and God's great Out-of-doors. I am city born, and it was not until I had left my teens behind that I had free access to the cool, green country of my dreams. I remember when as a young man I lived amid the sordid desolation of East London, I was very fond of poking about second-hand bookstalls in my dinner-hour. With what pensive longing I gazed on those ancient wood-cuts and tail-pieces which one finds in many of the dull books of the last century—the woodcuts by such artists as Birket Foster, which depicted ancient stiles, hoary church towers crowning their wooded heights, village ponds with ducks on them, thatched cottages and farmyards, that seemed to breathe the very atmosphere of rural England. These scenes were all strange to me, as they are to millions of other city dwellers. I had seen the Alps and listened to the silvery bells of the mosques of Egypt—but what was that when I had never seen an English windmill, had never gathered cowslips

in cool water meadows, or bluebells in an English wood ; had never been inside a thirteenth century village church ; or heard the cawing of the rooks in the old elms above an English manor house. I cannot describe the emotions which these simple and delicate pictures of rural England awoke in me. It was as if on looking at these homely scenes of simple rustic life, something in my mental consciousness greeted with a joyous recognition the familiar home-scenes of a previous existence ! Little wonder that I love the fields and the woods, now that I live nearer to them.

WOODLAND DELIGHTS.

When I lived in Toronto it was my delight to take long walks into the country every week-end. The beautiful wooded banks of the river Humber from Lake Ontario to Woodbridge and beyond were my favourite resort. At every season I have tramped those country roads, glorying in the unspoilt beauty of the varied landscape, and studying such wild life as came my way. Many a happy hour I have watched the squirrels in High Park.

I remember one walk north-west of Weston on a lovely day in springtime. I had turned off the road and, climbing over a split rail fence, had entered a strip of bush that had never been tilled. The trees had been thinned out years before, and here and there I came across stumps some of them four feet across, a few mere shells hollowed out by fire, but still tough

as iron. Among the trees, of which enough remained to form a thicket, there were many hardwoods, and I marvelled, as I always do in an Ontario bush, at the mettle of the pioneers who had hewn out the fat and smiling farmlands everywhere about from such unpromising material. A thick grass starred with many anemones carpeted this bit of primitive nature, and several black and white cattle browsed about in the cool shade.

For half a mile or so I wandered through the leafy stillness, seeing no other living thing but one chipmunk, and a crow which cawed lazily. Then over another rail fence, and I found myself in a field of spring wheat, already beautiful in its fresh young greenness. Straight on I followed a wide grassy fringe between the young wheat and an ancient fence, by which many a crab apple blossomed, and where two woodpeckers kept advancing in front of me by short flights, with pauses to watch me curiously.

Then the row of crab apple trees and mountain ashes that screened my view entirely, and I emerged into a road to exclaim with pleased surprise at the delightful prospect that opened at my feet.

By the roadside on my right stood an old ruined wooden cottage, standing on a grassy bank perhaps ten feet above the road. Its window frames stared blindly, the door was gone, and through the opening one had a view past gaping rents in the plaster work, into the grassy yard behind.

Before the door the crazy old fence was smothered

by a tall hedge of lilac in full bloom, and beside it, overhanging the grassy bank of the road, stood an aged apple tree smothered with snowy blossom. The fragrance of these myriad flowers filled the air. I sat down on the green grass to rest. Over my shoulders the old apple tree bent its blossoms, and I felt as though the spirit of summer caressed me.

Across the way lay an old orchard, the lichen-covered trees each a foaming fountain of pink blossom, screening the farm buildings beyond.

What a sight ! What a day ! A haze screened the sun's heat, but not its light ; a cool breeze brought with it something of the freshness of an English summer's day. I had arrived at the psychological moment to see Nature in all her maidenly freshness and bloom. The new grass, the happy-go-lucky orchard, the tall lombardy poplars in young leaf, the freshness of the wheat field, the cheery note of the robins, and the fairy-bell music of the Canadian song sparrow—all gave their colour and tone to a picture that was not only beautiful but was positively irradiated as with the bloom of a ripe peach on the tree. Not even a teasing fly disturbed my rhapsody.

A MAN OF LEISURE.

Looking down the road southward I saw a man "herding" a score of cows and calves. He had wandered on in front, evidently to bar them from the cross-road just beyond where I was sitting. I

knew he had seen me, and wanted to come and pass the time of day with that rather strange phenomenon in those parts, a leisured stranger who took his ease beneath the apple tree. Soon he stood beside me, and genial greetings exchanged, he, too, sat down on the grass. A man of middle age, medium height, and rather spare figure, he wore the usual faded overalls, which every Canadian farmer wears at work, a nondescript waistcoat, and on his head a big straw hat bleached by the suns of more than one summer. His skin, not rosy-cheeked like that of an English yeoman, but typical American tan, and, it being Friday, a six days' growth of grey beard, gave him rather a grizzly look. But his blue eyes were clear and friendly.

Yes, it was rather a waste of time, a full-grown man like him looking after a bunch of cows so stupid that, although they were standing in grass, they wanted to walk on for leagues in search of feed. There was lots of grass on the roadsides, but not enough in the pasture yet to warrant turning the cows in. Rain was badly needed.

Indeed, it had been a fine spring, he chatted on. The fall wheat was all winter killed, but the season was so forward that spring wheat was sown in the same fields, during the last week in March. No, he wouldn't take a cigarette. He never carried a pipe about with him. Years ago the doctor had cautioned him against smoker's heart, and ever since his habit was to have one pipe in the house at night after the day's work was done. And he enjoyed it.

"Ah, you're from the Old Country," he hazarded, when a remark of mine showed him I was still uncertain about the locality of "concessions" and the lay-out of farm lands in that corner of Ontario. "Yes, these farms are eighty rods wide, and they go back to the next road nearly half a mile to make a hundred acre farm."

He rose and herded back the cows, which seemed to be impelled onwards by some fever in their blood.

"I'm from England too," he remarked, when he sat down again. "From a little place on the Humber, seven miles below New Holland, where you cross on the steam ferry to Hull. And isn't it strange this is Victoria Day, or I wouldn't find you walking out so far from the city at four o'clock on a Friday, and it was on the 24th of May, thirty-five years ago, that I came to Ontario! And it was just about four o'clock when I stepped off the train at Whitby!"

"Do you ever ask yourself if you bettered your position by coming to Canada thirty-five years ago to-day, or do you think you would have done as well in England?" I asked, just to show that his frank chatter about himself pleased me.

"Well, I can't say what I might have done in England. I didn't see a very good prospect before me, or I shouldn't have left. In Canada one has every chance.

"At the time I came, thirty-five years ago, one could buy the very best of farms right here in

York county, around Toronto, for \$5,000. To-day the same hundred acre farms are worth \$10,000 to \$12,000.

"Oh, yes, I've made money, but I've had my ups and downs. There are some who make fortunes, and there are some who don't. The majority do well. Yes, there is certainly every chance of success in Canada for an industrious man. Or an industrious woman.

"Aye, a young working woman can do better here. How many farmers would be glad to keep a girl if they could get one? There's a farmer just down the road here who lost his wife a year ago, has three small children, and cannot get a maid or a woman anywhere to keep house for him.

"There now!"

The speaker had risen and was gazing down the road.

"Why, if these crazy cows haven't turned down that side lane! Isn't it surprising they must leave the thick grass here, and go down there, where there's not enough grass scarce to feed a rabbit? Well, I must cut across the field to head them off. Good-day."

The cheery fellow plodded away across the young wheat, and, as my cigarette had gone out, I became again aware of the scent of lilac.

I often recall a delightful fortnight's holiday we had on an Ontario farm one summer. We left Toronto on a Saturday afternoon on a train packed with happy city folk, all aglow with exuberant

anticipation of their long-looked-for "vacation," as they say in Canada.

A FORTNIGHT ON A FARM.

Through a smiling countryside, radiant in August sunshine, and opulent with golden harvest fields, we journeyed to a little station standing like a tiny island in a green sea of fields and forest. Here we were met by the farmer whose guest we were to be during the next fortnight, with that genial, hearty welcome so characteristic of country folk.

Now followed a break-neck journey in our host's motor car, over roads so bumpy that we momentarily expected to be bounced off the car altogether! Our unrestrained laughter seemed to encourage our farmer friend to go even faster. Our four-mile drive did not take long, and soon we were being received with great cordiality by the farmer's wife and daughter, on the porch of the old farm house, nestling so snugly amid its surrounding elms, pines and chestnuts.

The farm of this pleasant holiday is distant about seventy miles from Toronto, and stands in a beautiful situation on rising ground overlooking Rice Lake, with the frontage of its three hundred acres extending for over a mile along the lake itself. Opposite the farm the lake is two miles wide, while the view embraces many miles of lake on either hand, and miles of distant farm lands and wooded slopes on the further shore.

The lake naturally became the centre of our interests. As we had on the very first day become the proud possessors of a row boat for a whole fortnight, the moods of the lake became a matter of rather serious interest. If the lake was smooth—as, fortunately, was its normal state—we thought nothing of the two-mile pull to the other side. If the wind from the west was making the white caps race past beyond the shelter of our cove, we contented ourselves with paddling inshore. The lake, too, when the hills of its further shore had grown purple in the evening light, became night after night the background for the sunset, which we never failed to regard as a spectacle, displayed in all its glory, and infinite variety, for our especial admiration and satisfaction. What does the city man see of sunsets? It is only amid such a setting as this, above a horizon of still water, and ancient hills still wearing here and there their primeval garment of pine woods, that one can behold the undimmed glories of a sunset, fresh from the palette of the Creator. What mystic sweetness breathes over the drowsy world as the sun goes down, when every sound is hushed save the tinkle of a distant cow-bell.

Even the temperature of the lake became a matter which we considered deserving of profound cogitation, accompanied by many deliberate dippings of the hands over the gunwale of our boat as we paddled along, considering the advisability of a swim. For, with all the zest of the Canadian on a

lake vacation, we bathed whenever the idea of doing so occurred to anyone in the party.

The lake also proved an admirable hunting-ground for the nature-lover. Everywhere we went we seemed to disturb handsome cranes, some of which had no objection to being viewed at close quarters. Wild ducks we often saw, while kingfishers were there almost as common as sparrows are in an English farm-yard, sometimes hard at work diving from an overhanging bough, or hovering on the wing like a hawk over the water, and then dropping like a stone, splash on their finny victim.

An oriole's nest hung from an oak tree close to our bedroom window, and, though the nesting season was over, the handsome birds still hung around their old haunts. Wild canaries were in plenty, and could generally be seen tearing the seeds out of the great heads of sunflowers that marked the edge of the kitchen garden.

Never before had I seen so many large butterflies. In a glade in the wood, where young oak trees were common, the air was often thick with hundreds of the most handsome tortoiseshell butterflies. On the lake front dragon flies, literally by thousands, flitted about in the sunshine, occasionally resting on a sunny tree trunk, where we had a good opportunity of studying their gorgeous blue colouring. The dragon-fly and the humming bird are probably two of the handsomest creatures in the world of Nature. And it was during this holiday that I saw my first

humming bird. An incident to me as noteworthy as my first sight of Niagara !

THE HUMMING BIRD.

I was standing on the rotting timbers of an old weir, fishing for trout in the dark waters of a creek that flowed sluggishly beneath them. Suddenly I became aware of a peculiar humming sound close beside me. I looked up from the water, and saw what at first I took to be a dragon-fly of an even more brilliant hue than any I had yet seen. But the next instant I had recognised the lovely creature for what it really was—a humming bird. Of a soft metallic green colour, and with the same habit of hovering stationary, it was hardly to be wondered at that the humming bird at first suggested a dragon fly. This dainty wee thing, too delicate, too pretty, it almost seemed, to belong to this world, was hovering over a clump of bell-shaped jewel-weed not more than five feet from where I stood. Its fast-beating wings made the peculiar hum which had given this lovely little bird its name. As it hovered in front of the clump of flowers, it put its delicate bill daintily into each blossom, sucking the nectar, the only food on earth fit for such divine loveliness. After a minute or so of hovering and humming, the little bird flitted to a birch tree close by, and perched there in the sunshine, preening itself—still within range of easy observation. Then it came back to the flowers—and so, back and forth, quite unafraid of me as I stood there admiring

and motionless—showing, indeed, I really thought, a coquettish friendliness. A little later, on the banks of the same little creek, I saw another humming bird, but not so closely.

Among the other beautiful wild creatures which we saw in our walks in that interesting district, mention must be made of the handsome brown, black and grey squirrels, and the lively little chipmunks.

On the farm itself all the operations of harvest-time were in progress during our stay—from cutting the fine crops of golden wheat, barley, oats and rye, to threshing. The latter involved an invasion of the farmyard by a steam engine and a gang of threshers, who were the centre of a busy scene for two half days.

During various conversations with our genial host, we gleaned many interesting facts relating to farming. Both the farmer and his son, like most farmers, spoke disparagingly of their occupation! It was, they said, one of the poorest-paid trades! Indeed, they were pretty certain that at the end of the season they would not average two dollars a day wages for their own labour! Every day in summer, except Sunday, they worked from soon after 5 a.m. until 8 p.m. Labour was not to be had. The previous autumn the farmer had offered a man eight shillings a day and his board to come and plough. The man stuck out for ten shillings a day, and because he could not obtain that higher rate he did not come at all!

As an offset to such pessimistic views, it must be remarked that everywhere on this farm one saw new seven-strand wire fences, and others were going up. The farmer had decided to seed down most of his arable land and go in for cattle, as being less trouble. Again, the farmer himself told me a little about himself that seemed to discount much of his assumed pessimism. Thirty years ago he had come to Canada from Norfolk, England, where he had been a farm labourer. He was then twenty-one years of age. He arrived in Canada practically penniless ; in fact he could not pay his fare to his destination, and had to walk part of the way, and the first night he slept in a straw stack. He began in a small way. The first year that he was married he worked as a hired man for 25s. a week, but still saved money. At the time of my visit, he admitted that his investment on that farm was between £5,000 and £6,000. He has, moreover, placed each of his two sons on a hundred-acre farm of his own, for which he paid £22, an acre, and given his three daughters a high school education.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

There was a strange detachment from the life of the busy and noisy world on that farm. The Toronto daily paper was deposited in the rural letter box at 1 p.m. on the day of publication, but our farmer host said quite truly : " I never look at it." Even the time on the farm was the " old time,"

daylight saving regulations being disregarded entirely. "It is impossible to work by the new time," was the way the farmer disposed of the matter of daylight saving, to his own satisfaction at least. "If," he added, "you asked a man whom you had hired to come at six o'clock in the morning, he would certainly come at six o'clock old time. You could not get him to come at what he knew was really five o'clock!"

Still, quiet as was our life on the farm, we had our amusements, as, for example, when ten of us crowded into a small Ford car, which seats four, and drove three miles to catch the fortnightly steamer for a trip up the Otonabee river to Peterborough. This fortnightly idea controlled other things besides the local excursion traffic; the local chapel has services only on alternate Sundays.

One of our pleasantest recollections of these holidays is that of our nightly camp fires on the beach of the lake. The Canadians call these parties "corn roasts," because they are made occasions for eating freshly-picked cobs of green Indian corn, roasted in the ashes of a wood fire. Sitting beside a blazing fire of pine knots and drift wood, there was a wondrous charm in the way the curtain of night softly fell around us. When the fire was lit, the sun would be sinking behind the wooded hills in a glory of orange light. The lake shimmered like silver, and the whole sky would assume a wonderful rose-tint. Then the sun disappeared, the colour

slowly died out of the sky, the stars would twinkle overhead, but still we would sit on with the cheerful blaze lighting up our faces.

Pleasant indeed are the memories of those times. The great fire dancing and lighting up with weird effect the boulders and the trees of balsam that overhung the cliff, making a scene that suggested some outlaws' retreat, or a pirate's cave. Pleasant it was to sit chatting and singing amid the wonderful silence of Nature's bed-time, the only sound the faint lapping of the water at our feet, and the cry of a crane flying past heavily to its roosting place.

CHAPTER X

Hints for the Newcomer—Fruit Farming—Cows, Chickens, and Rabbits—The Maritimes—Canada's Experimental Farms—Closing Words.

FRUIT farming is an occupation which makes a strong appeal to the intending settler who has capital at his command, but who has no practical experience as an agriculturist. I have often been amused by the sanguine outlook of many of the people of this type, when they have come to me for information. Some of them have said frankly that they preferred fruit farming to general farming, because, in their opinion, it was easier, and a more gentlemanly life. They appeared to imagine that the fruit trees did the work, while the fruit farmer had only to appropriate their fragrant harvest. Some people have the same ideas about poultry-farming and bee-keeping.

Anyone who embarks upon fruit-farming with romantic notions of this kind, is, I fear, bound to encounter disillusionment when he gets to grips with the problem of making a living from the land. The proper attitude of mind is, of course, to consider the thing as a business proposition.

It is strange that a man who would regard the question of opening a store in his own town as a

serious business speculation, even if he were perfectly familiar with the business in which he was embarking, should regard going to a distant country, and starting a business about which he knows nothing, in the light of a romantic adventure.

It is many years ago since I first advised men with capital, who desired to become Canadian farmers, to go and work for at least a year as a hired man on a Canadian farm before investing a penny in land of their own. The experience I have gained since that time has not led me to modify this advice in the least, but rather to emphasise it.

A HIGHLY SPECIALISED BUSINESS.

I have seen a good deal of fruit farming in Ontario, and have a number of fruit farmers amongst my personal friends. It should be said at the outset that fruit-farming is a highly-specialised business, which has to be learnt like any other business. Growing the fruit is perhaps the easiest part of fruit-farming—marketing the fruit, and keeping expenditure below the income level, are the things that make or break the fruit farmer.

While I was in the army I had several comrades who were fruit farmers. One of them I have since seen, wearing the same old khaki trousers, hoeing between his black currant bushes near Oakville, Ontario. Another, who recently wrote to me from the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia, telling me that he had had a bumper crop of apples, I hope to

visit before very long. The exceedingly pleasant home of my old army friend near Oakville, which he had often longingly described to me, I found to be far beyond my expectations. It also furnished one of the most striking illustrations of the extraordinary appreciation of land values I ever came across in Canada. This small fruit farm of twelve acres was bought by a near relative of my friend fifteen years previously for five hundred dollars an acre. Not long before my visit, an offer of sixty thousand dollars, or five thousand dollars an acre, was refused! Of course the land is not worth anything like this figure for fruit-growing purposes. But its unique situation on the lake front, and the fact that Toronto millionaires were building themselves exquisite summer homes in that favoured locality, had increased the value of this little farm tenfold within fifteen years. I was told that thirty-five acres had been purchased not far away for a country estate, the price being seven thousand dollars, or over £1,200 an acre! Of course, land quite near, but without a frontage on the lake, is valued at only a tithe of that sum. There are many localities in Ontario where land suitable for fruit, and, indeed, land that is already under fruit, can be bought at a very reasonable price. As a fruit-growing friend near Hamilton said when I was discussing this very subject with him: "People are always moving. There are plenty of chances for the man who is on the spot, and who looks out for them. I know a young fellow who bought a

nice little place, of fifteen acres, with a house and some fruit on it, for less than three thousand dollars. But that was a snap."

A LONDONER'S LUCK.

My army friend from Kelowna, British Columbia, has twenty acres of fruit land. He was a Londoner, not even remotely connected with agriculture, before he went to Canada, but he learnt the business before he embarked on it himself. He loves the life, and so does his son, and his wife even more than either of them. My own idea is that if he had had a little more capital, he would have had an easier time, but he has made good progress despite that initial handicap. When we were on the troopship going back to Canada to be discharged, we happened to be in the same cabin, and he showed me a remarkable series of photographs illustrating the whole story of the development of his little fruit farm. The first photograph showed his household goods dumped in the snow on the site of his future home; the second his son and him digging the cellar where the first house was to be built. Succeeding photographs depicted the felling of the big firs, and the gradual clearing of the farm, the planting of the apple trees, which looked little bigger than a waggoner's whip, and their growth year by year afterwards. Altogether a most interesting record of years of hopeful work and successful endeavour, and one which it must give that fruit

farmer and his family no small satisfaction and encouragement to look over, as they sit around the stove with the curtains drawn on a winter's night.

While we were examining these photographs, another soldier, a neighbour of my friend, also from the shores of Okanagan Lake, came into the cabin, and this started a discussion on fruit farming, for the benefit of two other soldiers whose ambitions lay that way. The newcomer had twelve acres, some miles from a town. All the trees on his land are twenty-five feet apart, which, it was agreed, is the correct distance, and between them he grew (his land being irrigated) strips of clover, timothy and alfalfa—not close up to the trees, but just filling the space between the outspreading boughs on either side.

“There is nothing on earth like a couple of cows for keeping down one's household expenses,” said this fruit farmer. “If you go in for fruit exclusively on a small place, there are bound to be poor years, when you won't break even. I try to keep three cows, and I also have two pigs and poultry, and even rabbits.”

We laughed at the idea of rabbits.

“You may laugh,” said the other, “but you must remember that the butcher's cart doesn't call on you every day when you're on the farm. And you can't go running into town every morning for a pound of steak. I keep rabbits in hutches, and many a nice juicy dinner they furnish without going off the farm. You've got to look twice at a dollar

before you spend it on a small place like mine. If, at the second look, you discover a way to keep it in your pocket, you are two dollars the richer—that one, and the one you would have had to earn to fill its place! That guy what's sniggering in the upper berth there (continued the speaker) will find when he gets back to the farm that the Government ain't going to hand him out a dollar-ten a day for lying in bed smoking fags, as he's doing now—fags that he got for nixes from the Red Cross lady! No, sir!"

"I ain't a laughing at ye," explained the soldier up aloft. "I was only just a smilin' to ye, dad!"

"Don't you 'dad' me," cried the other, whose age was a sore point, and who had declared himself to be quite fifteen years below his true age in order to get into the army. "I was an A2 man when you were only C3—skimming fat in the cook-house!"

When we had restored our fruit farmer's good humour, he told us that with fruit trees twenty-five feet apart, there would be between sixty and seventy-five trees on an acre.

"Don't go in for a multitude of varieties," was his final advice. "If I were starting again, I'd confine myself to only two varieties, and these would be both winter apples."

"I found out a good idea regarding poultry-keeping," said another of the company. "The roosting-perches in a poultry-house should never come up to the side walls of the house if you wish to keep your chickens free from red mites. I

support my perches with a perpendicular iron bar at each end, the bar being screwed to the droppings-board underneath, and kept well oiled with paraffin."

"Can any of you fellows distinguish the difference in the sex of little chickens only a few weeks old?" asked another soldier. "Well, if you look closely you will notice, even at a very early age, that the male chicken's beak is hooked, and his head is round on top. A female has a flat head with a dent in the middle of it."

CHICKENS AND "A COO."

"Everyone who goes on the land should begin with chickens and a coo or twa," chimed in a Scotsman, now of Swift Current, Saskatchewan. "I landed in Halifax eight years ago with only twenty-five cents in my pocket, and my wife and bairns left behind in Scotland. Fortunately I was Scotsman enough to ken the value of a coo. In fact, it's the poor man's best friend. I've got my ain farm in Saskatchewan now, and you'll no' see any empty condensed milk tins lying around my house-door, like you see on some prairie farms, where they dig money out of the land as though it was a mine they were working, and put nothing back into it again, and look on stock as an awful tie in the winter-time, and no' to be thought of! Nae fear, if it hadna been for the cows I've had, to say naething of pigs and hens, I'd been a puir man the day."

" You didn't tell me you were a rich landed proprietor when you borrowed two dollars off me at Buxton," chimed in the lad in the upper berth. " Which reminds me, you haven't paid me back yet ! "

" Twa dollars ! " scoffed the Scotsman. " Man, I could write ye a cheque for thoosands—when I'm at hame ! "

This voyage, on a troop-ship, during which we had these discussions regarding fruit farming and the merits of " coos," was the most interesting voyage I ever made, and, notwithstanding the fact that there were nearly two thousand troops on board, one of the most enjoyable. Never shall I forget the lazy days on the crowded deck, or the jolly times I had with my comrades in khaki. In the obscure corners there were sure to be several gambling games in progress. " Crown and Anchor " was the favourite, and I have seen soldiers with forty or fifty crumpled " Bradburys " in their hands, making bets of five pounds at a time.

Another game, which was patronised by the less affluent among us, consisted of a series of cards and a bagful of numbers. A card cost each player a penny a game. On this card were three lines of numbers like this : 16, 24, 64, 71, 4 ; 12, 10, 73, 80, 15 ; 5, 19, 88, 66, 1. The man who was running the game picked numbers out of his bag, and called them out. If he called a number which you had on your card, you placed a little piece of blank cardboard over that number, and

the first player to cover an entire line received eightpence !

Not much brain work in recreation of this sort. But then, it helped to pass the time, and that was all that mattered. I suppose there must have been some work done on that ship, but certainly I did not hunt after it. One day I was called upon to carry two deck chairs from the lower to the upper deck, and the ship's sergeant major, after apologising for troubling me, rewarded me with a present of three khaki handkerchiefs from the Red Cross stores !

Those evenings at sea were delightful. The deep purple ocean heaving lazily, a crescent moon hanging low in the heavens, Venus shining like a sun in solitary splendour, and the western horizon a radiant line of opalescent light. How calm and still the great world of waters looked. Near at hand the soldier from Nelson was tinkling a mandoline. On the lower deck a group of gamblers still lingered at play, their heads meeting as they bent low to examine the scattered dice.

“ WHY GO FARTHER WEST ? ”

I became very friendly while on board with a man from New Brunswick, who was a great booster for that Province. He put me in mind of a policeman from St. John, N.B., who once assured me that his city was “ the best place under God's foot-stool ! ” My friend from New Brunswick lived at a place about thirty miles from Fredericton, although at one time

he was for many years in that pleasant little city itself. "Why," he argued, "should a poor man go further west, when one can buy fifty acres of land and a house in our province for a thousand dollars? Any kind of land will do for keeping a few cows and poultry—they will do as well on land that costs five pounds an acre, as on land that costs fifty pounds an acre. Where there are woods there is always a living for a poor man. Before he need stick, he could go into the woods trapping, hunting, collecting gum, fishing through the ice, splitting wood, lumbering; while in summer, if he was hard up for something to do, he could go into the woods and gather wild berries by the pailful. I paid only £80, or four hundred dollars, for my farm. That's right, only four hundred dollars! I keep two cows, two pigs, and two hundred chickens, and I work around at anything, and always go lumbering or hunting in the winter. I get all my winter's meat by killing a moose or a couple of deer in the fall; these are skinned and dressed, cut up, and hung in a shed to freeze hard all the winter. In the spring I smoke any of the meat that is left over, using a fire of sawdust under a big packing case in which the meat is suspended over the smoke. The smoked meat tastes prime, and keeps beautifully. I often have also a pig in my winter's store, and a barrel of pickled meat. A resourceful man can make a living anywhere. Why, a neighbour of mine had two hundred pounds of honey one year. New Brunswick is a fine apple country, and you won't get cheaper

fruit land anywhere. All sorts of vegetables grow well. If a working man has a small place with two cows, chickens and a garden, he has practically assured himself of a living. I shut up all my hens after August, so as to induce an early moult, and bring them on to lay all the winter. Believe me, New Brunswick is a fine country for the working man. Anyone can get on in our province, so long as he ain't a 'boose-fighter!' A newcomer should live in a place, and go out to work for a year anyway before buying any land. He should make friends with the old-timers, and when he hears of a place which he thinks would suit him, ask their advice on the quiet before considering it."

Another soldier who belonged to Rossland, British Columbia, told me that he had a small farm of only seven acres. He had three acres under fruit, apples, raspberries and strawberries. The rest of his land was devoted to clover and pasture. He kept one cow for which he paid only forty-five dollars, and it brought him in three dollars, fifty cents, a week from butter after his own family were supplied. He did not believe in keeping a pig on a small place, where one had to buy all its feed.

Our first glimpse of Canada after this voyage was an impressive and happy moment. "Doesn't that look good to you?" remarked a crippled comrade who was looking shorewards. The ship was steaming softly through the placid waters of Halifax harbour, and the eyes of nearly two thousand returning soldiers wounded and invalided, gazed happily shorewards

at the green panorama of dark pine woods and grassy clearings that slid past us. It sure did look good to me. Halifax, however, was only a halt in our case ; most of us remained on board, and were taken in due time to Quebec.

I had so often passed the picturesque city of Quebec on my way to Montreal without breaking my journey, that I was not sorry when I found on this occasion that I would be kept there for a fortnight. About two thousand soldiers had to go before the medical boards, and have their disabilities graded before being discharged, and as the initial of my surname meant that I was at the foot of the list, I had plenty of leisure to explore the neighbourhood.

People who pass Quebec on the steamer can have little idea of the many attractive features of this the oldest city in Canada. Here Jacques Cartier, the first European to sail up the St. Lawrence, spent the winter of 1535. The cliff on which the citadel is perched hides the view of the modern city which lies behind it, and the wide expanse of lovely country lying to the north. When one has climbed the steep and ancient streets leading to the citadel, and emerged on the magnificent promenade which stretches along its southern edge, in front of the beautiful Chateau Frontenac and the citadel, the view over the great waterway and the further shore is wonderful. The views in the other direction from the plains of Abraham and Battlefield Park, where Wolfe fell, and where stands the dignified monument

to "The Braves," are truly magnificent. The contrast between the quaint, old-fashioned aspect of Old Quebec, and the order, beauty, and spaciousness of Battlefield Park, and the magnificent houses which surround it, cannot fail to astonish the stranger.

POULTRY FOR PROFIT.

My friend, the fruit farmer from Oakville, and I frequently made long excursions into the country, and we picked up a good deal of information. He was very interested in poultry-keeping, and whenever we came across what looked like a poultry farm we went in, and asked permission to look over the arrangements. One day we saw a beautiful country home, and in the garden one of the long Canadian poultry houses, which are characteristic of the country, and quite different to the poultry houses in use in England. The lady of the house proved to be English, and an enthusiastic poultrywoman. She showed us everything. Her fowls were Rhode Island Reds, and the housing arrangements were as snug as anything I have ever seen. There were about two hundred laying pullets, and their owner assured us that she made money out of them, although she had everything of the very best. Afterwards we were pressed to stay to tea, and shown over the lovely old house. This house had once been a farm, was built sixty years ago, and it had a most beautiful staircase of walnut, and fine panelled pine

doors—all cut and planed by hand in the old days from timber grown on the place. The owner told us that, a good many years since, they had paid only £800 for the house and three acres.

This hospitable lady passed us on to another enthusiastic poultry keeper, a wealthy man, who lived not very far away. His place looked as like an old English manor house as anything I have seen in Canada. A glorious park stretched in front, shut in by magnificent timber, while behind were walled gardens filled with fruit and vegetables, and old-fashioned English flowers—mignonette, phloxes, roses, nasturtiums, lobelia, dahlias, and glorious hedges of sweet peas. In the spring, the owner told us, his park is carpetted with white and purple sweet violets. The poultry-houses were up-to-date in every respect, all under cover, and the pullets, while we were there, were scratching for dear life in a layer of litter nearly a foot deep, which covered the entire floor space. These pullets, said the owner, were specially bred for winter laying, and although there was often five feet of drifted snow on the ground outside, they laid more eggs in the winter than in the summer. This amateur poultry keeper, like most of the professional poultry farmers I have met in Canada, always had a hopper of dry mash before his fowls, and, in addition to the usual tins containing oyster-shell and grit, they had crumbled charcoal as well.

On our way back to the city we had a chat with an old Irishman, eighty years of age, who told us

that he came to Quebec from Ireland in 1848, the voyage lasting eight weeks and three days !

Anyone who goes to Canada from the Old Country intending to keep poultry as a side-line should, before doing so, visit the Experimental Farm at Ottawa, or the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, where they will see scientific poultry-keeping practised by experts. The ideas they will pick up in the matter of housing alone will be well worth the trouble. The educational value of such institutions as these, to say nothing of the practical value of their experimental work on behalf of Canadian agriculture, cannot be over-estimated. I have visited both these delightful places quite a dozen times, and I never did so without receiving instruction and inspiration. The newcomer should also avail himself of the service of bulletins and reports which are issued in such profusion, and free of charge, by the Departments of Agriculture of the Federal and various Provincial Governments. It is largely owing to the work of such educational agencies, and the popular appreciation of the fact that farming in all its branches is a science, that has placed Canada where it is to-day in the forefront of the agricultural countries of the world.

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In these recollections of my own experiences in Canada I have purposely confined myself to the human side of Canadian life, rather than the material side. True, the wonderful natural resources of that

great land have also made a profound impression on my imagination, and there are many aspects of its vast and important industries and commerce that I would like to touch upon. But their description is a theme too vast for one to do full justice to in a small volume like this, and I must leave that task to abler pens than mine.

When in moments of reverie I think of scenes of natural loveliness, my memory recalls pictures of Canada's flowery meadows, forest-fringed rivers, and placid lakes that mirror the eternal snows of the Rocky Mountains. When my mood causes me to dwell on scenes of happy domestic life, imagination transports me to that same unrivalled land of beautiful homes, healthy and active children, and sociable home-lovers. When I gaze into the future and meditate on the fate of nations, there is one country about whose future prosperity I can feel little doubt—the Land of the Maple.

No part of the British Empire is more richly endowed by nature than is Canada. Endless leagues of rich and smiling farm lands, forests without limit, mines of a wealth incalculable, matchless water-powers thundering day and night in their mighty strength—such sources of actual and potential wealth in the hands of an enterprising people are a sure guarantee of the future greatness of this fair and fertile land.

THE END

